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THE NEW YEAR.

IT is very rarely that a New Year opens on a country with so good a prospect all round as that with which this year opens on England. If there is no very bright feature in the landscape attracting our eyes at once by its exceptional brilliancy, there is a general expanse before us of peace, plenty, and prosperity. Things look so well that naturally, with the sad experience of humanity to guide us, and in the hope of averting ill-fortune by anticipating it, we begin to seek for some dark spots in order that we may not begin to be boastful, and may get ourselves down to the comfortable and familiar level of a mingled lot. Still, if with some misgivings, we must try to face the fact that things do look very well just now. There is not, as Lord GRANVILLE remarked on Mr. HAMMOND's authority a few days before the beginning of the French war, any cloud in the horizon of our foreign politics. The old quarrel with America has been healed, and we have no new quarrels at this moment with any one else. India is doing so well that there is a prospect of the Indian Income-tax being done away with. The Colonies are thriving without exception, and Canada, which has had something to complain of at our hands, rivals, though she cannot surpass, the loyalty of our dependencies generally. The navy is in an excellent state if compared with the navy of any other nation. The process of army reconstruction is going on so smoothly that what seems principally to occupy the mind of the SECRETARY at WAR is the great question whether the famous 52nd regiment of Infantry should or should not be localized at Oxford. The revenue is thriving beyond precedent, for trade is and has been good, and good trade means much beer, and much beer means a large surplus. England may be said to have drunk herself clear of the *Alabama* claims, and if moralists lament, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER cannot but rejoice. No one is attacking anything. The Throne, the House of Lords, the Established Church, have no enemies that could frighten a mouse. Even Mr. AYRTON, not having done anything objectionable for a month or two, is scarcely remembered. The Ministry seems stronger than ever. Mr. GLADSTONE has kept silence on political subjects since the last Session closed, and has been rewarded by inspiring a renewed confidence in his sagacity. If the law can be reformed, there is Lord SELBORNE to reform it, and if Lord SELBORNE cannot reform it, even with an unreformed law there will still be cakes and ale. The House of Commons may be trusted to assemble in an excellent state of mind, for who knows but what obedience and prudence may be rewarded with a sixth year of existence? Even Ireland is almost happy in growing richer, as it does every day, and finding in the new Local Government Act a remedy for some of the grievances which lent a shade of reasonableness to the movement for Home Rule.

It is not, however, possible that there should not be something to set on the other side against all this superhuman felicity. There are, of course, plenty of unknown dangers which it is easy to imagine. The experience of July 1870 shows that an unclouded horizon in the direction of foreign affairs may be suddenly swept by the uprising of the blackest and gloomiest of storms; and the uncertainties of a money market the control of which lies in the discretion of the German Government, and the certainty that flourishing trade leads to over-trading, make it obvious to suggest that our mercantile prosperity may very easily be threatened. But for the moment we prefer to consider, not what is unknown, but what is known; and there are two causes of apprehension—one affecting the nation, and the other affecting the Government—the existence of which is undeniable, and the gravity of which may show itself before long. That affecting the nation is the

increasing demoralization of the working classes. Every one can see for himself how rapidly this is showing itself. It is almost impossible to rely on getting anything done which depends on the labour of common people. Business has been at a standstill for a week in consequence of the Christmas holidays. If this had been a period of rest well earned and wisely spent, there would be nothing to say except that it was rather inconvenient. But holidays have come to mean nothing more than a protracted time of idleness and drinking. Everything serves as an excuse for the glass. It has been difficult lately to get coals delivered in London on account of the bad weather. It might be supposed that the difficulty lay in raising the coals, or in bringing them to London, or in distributing them through the reeking streets. Not at all. The difficulty is that, when the weather is bad, the carters get wet, and when they get wet, they console themselves by getting drunk. In every great centre of labour the same sad story is repeated. There has been a great conference this week of colliery proprietors and colliery labourers, and one of the largest employers of labour stated to the labourers, as facts which they would not question, that the workmen have taken to do less work and to do it worse than formerly. They do not come to work on Monday, very little is seen of them on Tuesday, and they think they do pretty well if they start fairly on Wednesday, and even on Wednesday many of them are unable to do their work as they once did. It takes a cwt. more of pig-iron to make a ton of rails than it did two years ago, simply because the work is bad now. Instead of a hundred thousand tons of rails a year, this employer could now with the same works produce only seventy thousand. This is a good instance to refer to, for it was that of a large employer stating facts within his own knowledge to workmen themselves, who offered no contradiction. But it is only one instance of what is seen and felt everywhere. Honest, thorough labour is dying out of England, and we are every day called on to give more money for worse articles. It was hoped that the conference between the colliery proprietors and the colliers in South Wales would have the effect of settling their differences, but it has not had this result, and a strike has commenced, which will affect the ironworks as well as the collieries, and throw 60,000 men into idleness.

The special difficulty with which the Government will have to contend in the coming Session lies in the character of the two principal measures which they have undertaken to bring forward. They are pledged to deal with Irish Education and with Local Taxation. Both subjects are embarrassing and dangerous, not only from their inherent complexity, but from the attitude in which the public stands to them. On neither has the Government any strong lines of public thought to guide it. The general state of men's minds is that they know that something ought to be done as to Irish Education and as to Local Taxation, but they do not know what. Something great, sweeping, and decisive is expected from the Government, which above all things is required to escape the reproach of making a half-settlement of these matters, and yet no one contributes thought or facts to help the Ministry. Public men fight shy of topics which might so easily lead them into blunders, and as to which it is so prudent not to commit themselves. There is no distinct line that can be called the line of the Liberal party in regard to these as there was in the case of the Irish Church. There is no distinct mischief to remedy as there was in the case of the Irish Land. Nobody even takes the trouble to state clearly what they would like to get if Parliament would give it them. The wishes of the Irish as to Irish Education are a mystery, and every set of ratepayers is afraid of asking for a change, lest, if conceded, it should prove not to be a change in their favour. On the other hand, although the Government has no

guides, it is sure to have abundance of critics, and the criticism will have the severity and acrimony of personal feeling and personal knowledge. The bulk of Englishmen knew little and cared little about the Irish Church or the Irish Land, and as they had made up their minds that the former could not be defended, and that the relations of Irish tenants and landlords had got into a hopeless mess, they were content that a strong and able Ministry should deal with them as it thought fit. But Irish Education will touch the conscience of every village theologian, and the Local Taxation Bill will touch the pocket of every ratepayer. No Briton is so mean and abject as to concede for a second that nature has not endowed him with a gift of promptly deciding every theological question, and every one who is not pauperized in one of the many ways in which pauperism is spread in England is interested in the great question of rates. Every one, therefore, will be equally competent and eager to criticize the course taken by the Government with regard to Denominationalism in Ireland, and as to the distribution of local burdens. Every constituency will have its own views as to how its members ought to vote in matters touching constituents so keenly; and thus it may happen that members, in spite of their desire to obey the whip and to sit, if possible, a year longer, may see that the best way of retaining their seats is to stand aloof from the Government, and hurry on a new election.

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES IN AUSTRIA.

THE prolonged constitutional experiment with which Austria is busily occupied deserves to be watched with cordial sympathy, if not with sanguine confidence. It is always an arduous task to substitute representative institutions for absolute monarchy; but in some countries, as in France at the present day, the details of administration are scarcely affected by a transfer of the sovereign authority. The Parliaments of Prussia and of Germany have as yet scarcely become competitors for supreme power with the Crown; but in Austria, although there may be some irregularities of practice, the fundamental principle of the responsibility of Ministers to the Council of the Empire is formally acknowledged. Some years since a number of bishops who had protested to the EMPEROR against certain measures adopted by his Government were rebuffed with a severe censure on the impropriety of their proceeding. As the framers of the Austrian Constitution had the good sense to reject the ruinous device of universal suffrage, the new system of government would have been tried under favourable auspices if the Council had represented a homogeneous population. The representation of a score of provinces, of which some were almost independent States, presented a far more complicated problem. The central and comparatively impartial power of the Imperial Government had held all its dominions together, but Hungarians, Czechs, Poles, and Servians, were severally disinclined to submit to a Parliament which would, as against each separate part of the monarchy, contain an alien majority. The Germans alone fully appreciated the advantage of unity and of constitutional government, partly perhaps because they relied on their own superior cultivation and greater energy to control a mixed Assembly. After a time it was found that the historical Kingdom of Hungary was too powerful and too proud to merge its ancient franchises and institutions in the new federal monarchy. After half a lifetime of resistance, the EMPEROR fully recognized the independence of Hungary; and his coronation at Pesth was an admission that he henceforth reigned in Hungary as constitutional King of a separate and distinct Kingdom. Since that time Austrian statesmen have been relieved of one embarrassment which had been found insuperable; but it was not surprising that the successful firmness of Hungary should encourage the hopes of the States which compose the Western half of the monarchy. The House of Austria had from motives of policy or ostentation, and sometimes from mere indifference, retained the separate styles and titles by which its chiefs had acquired the various portions of their vast inheritance. Even after they assumed, at the beginning of the current century, the new-fangled and anomalous rank of hereditary Emperors, they still described themselves as Counts of the Tyrol, as Archdukes of Austria, and as Kings of Bohemia and of Galicia. The inhabitants of all parts of their dominions owed allegiance to a common sovereign; but they bore no definite relation to their neighbours and fellow-subjects. As it was obviously impossible to form the whole monarchy, or even the Western half, into one uniform body, the Constitution pro-

vided that the Council of the Empire should represent, not the collective population, but the component parts of the monarchy. The American Senate perhaps suggested the contrivance of forming a Central Assembly of delegates elected by the several States or provinces; but as Austria was not, like the United States, originally a mere federation, the equal representation of communities differing widely in importance could not be conveniently copied. In practice it has been found that the larger provincial Diets have attempted to engross to themselves some of the functions of the Council of the Empire; and their nominees have preferred the maintenance of their position as delegates to a share in the regulation and government of the monarchy. At different times the members from some of the provinces have absented themselves from the Council of the Empire, with the result of reducing its numbers below the limit required for the transaction of business; but the Council now possesses the salutary power of ordering the election of new members by the direct suffrage of the constituencies if the delegates or the Diets refuse to perform their duties.

It is now proposed that the mode of election which has been tried as a penal alternative for the regular practice should become the primary and ordinary method of proceeding. There are many inconveniences in a double system of election, although nomination by bodies already existing for other purposes is less objectionable than the special appointment of electors by the constituencies. As the Scotch and Irish representative peers are chosen from the dominant party, the members of the Austrian Council of the Empire belong exclusively to the local majorities of their several provinces; consequently the Germans of Bohemia are practically disfranchised, notwithstanding their superiority in wealth and intelligence; and the Ruthenians of Galicia are compelled to submit to the preponderance of the Poles. In every State electoral contests turn principally on provincial questions, although parties which are for any reason hostile to the general policy of the Government naturally ally themselves with the advocates of separation. The great nobles of Bohemia, although they are by all their associations, if not by descent, rather German than Slavonic, have, from political or religious motives, habitually opposed the consolidation of a representative Constitution in the Empire. The Roman Catholic hierarchy also have found in provincial jealousies the most available impediments to Parliamentary government. The present Ministers, with the support of the Liberal party, are now promoting a measure for the institution of direct elections to the Council of the Empire. It is not proposed to alter the distribution of the franchise among the great proprietors, the towns, and the rural population; and it appears that the project is sanctioned by a majority of the present deputies. No controversy has thus far arisen on the delicate question whether the Legislature possesses constituent powers; and it would seem that the main difficulty with which the Government has to contend is the opposition or hesitation of the Polish representatives of Galicia. In the course of the negotiations which have taken place it has been proposed that a separate Minister for Galicia shall have a place in the Cabinet, and that the administrative independence of the kingdom shall be respected; but the Poles have hitherto refused their consent, chiefly, as it is said, through a fear that the Ruthenians will be able to return a certain number of members. It might be supposed that the Poles, including in their number all the great proprietors, would in any case retain a fair share of electoral power, nor can it be expedient that a part of the population which is especially liable to the influence of foreign intrigues should be discouraged from relying on the justice and consideration of the Austrian Legislature. The Ministers may perhaps ultimately overcome the resistance of the Polish members by the menace of resorting to direct elections if the Galician representatives absent themselves from the Council; but during previous struggles the Austrian Government has received valuable aid from the Poles, and it is desirable, if it is possible, to introduce the proposed reforms by general consent. The Galician Poles, although they will probably be disappointed in their hope of becoming the nucleus of a regenerated nation, are well aware that their connexion with Austria, and their alliance with the German part of the population, furnishes their only security against the ambitious designs of Russia. They have the strongest interest in opposing the separatist tendencies of Bohemia, which will be effectually checked by the operation of the Ministerial measure.

The tenacity with which petty States and provinces cling to their independence is as natural as it is, in the present condition of the world, almost everywhere impolitic. The

German dukedoms and kingdoms have, through the necessity of the case, submitted themselves for purposes of national policy and of general legislation to a common Imperial Government; and it would be a strange anomaly if Austria were to be dismembered immediately after the establishment of German unity. There is no reason to fear that the Council of the Empire will attempt a vexatious interference in the internal affairs of the several provinces, inasmuch as the great majority of members will be jealous of the customs and privileges of their respective constituents. With the exception of Hungary, which is no longer concerned in the discussion, no portion of the old Austrian Empire at any time enjoyed the self-government which is recognized to a certain extent under the Constitutional Monarchy. Within living memory the Ministers of an absolute Emperor encouraged the peasantry of Galicia in a murderous insurrection against the Polish gentry who are represented by the present dissentients in the Council of the Empire. The Bohemian nobles enjoyed their share of military and civil dignities; but it never occurred to them to defend against the central despotism the ancient immunities of which they have since been so strongly enamoured. Hungary was and is a constitutional kingdom. The Western States gain in dignity as well as in opportunities of improvement by becoming portions of a great country governed on a Parliamentary system. It is only through the Council of the Empire that any of the contributory States can exercise a control over the foreign policy in which they have a deep and common interest. It now appears that, after the commencement of the war of 1870, the Government of Vienna held out to the French EMPEROR illusory promises of assistance. No freely elected Parliament would for a moment have countenanced a ruinous policy. At the same time Count ANDRASSY, as Prime Minister of Hungary, ascertained that the feeling of the Parliament and of the nation was opposed to intervention; and he has lately declared that it would have been impossible for the Crown to have opposed itself to the determination of the people. The Western half of the monarchy, including Bohemia and Galicia, is as fully entitled as Hungary to form and enforce an independent judgment on questions of national policy; and it is evident that the provincial Diets only deprive their constituents of legitimate influence when they unduly weaken the central Legislature.

THE MEMBERS FOR OXFORD.

MR. CARDWELL and Mr. HARCOURT are respectively excellent specimens of the Minister and of the member below the gangway; and when Mr. HARCOURT's turn comes for crossing the intermediate space he will have no difficulty in assuming a gracefully official demeanour. It may be inferred from the topics selected by both members for their principal speeches that the mind of the Oxford electors is at present more deeply concerned with the public-house controversy than with more abstruse matters of policy or legislation. Mr. CARDWELL defends the Licensing Bill, for which he is, in common with his colleagues, responsible, in the tone of an advocate who knows that he is not on the popular side. It is still uncertain whether the measure of last Session will be permanently successful, but there can be no doubt that it was a justifiable experiment. If the manners and customs of the bibulous classes are not too rudely disturbed by a restriction on the hours of drinking, the rest of the community will have reason to congratulate themselves on a curtailment of the time during which noise and disorder are likely to prevail in the streets. Mr. CARDWELL perhaps adopted too readily the commonplace assertion that crime and pauperism are chiefly caused by drunkenness. The frauds and thefts which mainly occupy criminal Courts have no connexion with the use of alcohol, excepting where the desire for drink, as for any other form of indulgence, may constitute a temptation to dishonesty. Crimes of violence are often the result of drunkenness, though it may be doubted whether men of peaceable dispositions are in the habit, even when they have exceeded in liquor, of assaulting their neighbours or beating their wives. In wine, and by analogy in beer and gin, there is, according to the proverb, truth; or, in other words, intoxication produces not an opposite, but a caricature, of the ordinary disposition. Neapolitans and Sicilians, though they seldom drink to excess, rob travellers and stab friends or strangers with a frequency which is unknown in England. The truth is that tolerably amiable men are and seem contemptible and ridiculous when they are drunk; and that savage and brutal persons become in addition liable to commit acts

of violence when they are excited. Both classes frequently waste on drink the incomes which they ought to employ in the maintenance of their families; and if a law which slightly restrains the mischief produces no intolerable annoyance to well-disposed persons, it seems, notwithstanding the liberal doctrines of Mr. MILL and Mr. HARCOURT, to fall within the province of allowable legislation. Mr. CARDWELL's statement that it was necessary to do something to satisfy general opinion belongs to a kind of apology which ought to be vigilantly watched and suspected; but Mr. HARCOURT's general propositions have still less practical value. If it were the fact that half the crime of the country could be prevented by shutting public-houses ten minutes earlier, Mr. HARCOURT would in consistency be compelled to protest against the restriction; but he would scarcely persuade Parliament or the country to prefer an infinitesimal right of drinking to a great public benefit.

In his more ambitious vindication of freedom in drinking Mr. HARCOURT directly traversed the doctrines which have lately been propounded in a powerful series of Essays on Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. As Mr. HARCOURT neatly says, liberty does not consist in making others do what you think right; but liberty is a negative phrase, and public expediency is the primary object of legislation. Long experience indeed has shown that it is not desirable to interfere unnecessarily with private judgment, or even with private caprice; but minor limitations of absolute liberty are in many instances tolerated where restrictions tend to the comfort or advantage of the general community. The special criticisms on the unintelligible clauses of the Act which relate to the valuation of public houses have, although they are perfectly well founded, nothing to do with the principle of restriction. It is not in the nature of a modern Act of Parliament, and more especially of a Ministerial Bill, to be exempt from ambiguity. Mr. HARCOURT has reason to complain of the clamour and hurry which deprived his objections of their proper weight during the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons. His appeal to the Nonconformists against the absurd Permissive Bill was as unanswerable as it will be inoperative. A Permissive Bill in the days when, as Mr. HARCOURT said, schism was thought worse than beer, would have closed nearly all the Dissenting chapels in the country. Logic is unluckily the least effective of weapons in political controversy. The Nonconformists would content themselves with the reply that beer is a bad thing which ought to be suppressed, and that Dissent is a good thing which ought to be tolerated and encouraged; nor would they forget that, if they were once in a minority, they could now by their numbers, their organization, and their political alliances, apply permissive legislation to their own purposes in many parts of the country. Mr. HARCOURT's protest on behalf of private liberty, if it is not marked with sufficient qualifications, nevertheless deserves recognition as a defence of a partially unpopular principle. Contemporary cant is almost universally enlisted on the side of paternal and officious government; and it is well that the old English doctrine should be occasionally asserted.

On political questions Mr. CARDWELL was at the meeting in the Town Hall judiciously brief. Of the Ballot Bill, which he supported for three years, after opposing it for seventeen years, he safely remarked that it had tended to promote order and quiet at elections. The improvement which has lately occurred is due much less to the Ballot than to the abolition of the public nominations, which had become useless and mischievous through the excesses of the rabble. It is true that the process by which secret voting is conducted tends in itself to diminish disorder, though the same result might have been produced under the former system by a few simple changes in the machinery of elections. Mr. CARDWELL is well aware that the maintenance of order has but a slight and accidental connexion with the real objects of a representative system. As long as the House of Commons exercises sovereign power, the best mode of election is that which results in the choice of the most competent members. The Ballot destroys or diminishes both legitimate and illegitimate influence; and experience will show whether the balance of results is advantageous or pernicious. A revolutionary majority would be a much greater evil than a score of riotous elections. It is not worth while to follow Mr. CARDWELL into his defence of the American arbitration, nor into his apology for moderate change. Mr. CARDWELL is himself accurately described as a politician in a couplet which he sympathetically quoted:—

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Equally exempt from obstinacy and from impetuosity, Mr.

CARDWELL has never been hasty to adopt the new or to abandon the old. As an administrator he has displayed remarkable boldness; but as a politician he has always, since he joined the Liberal party, kept himself exactly abreast of its leaders for the time. There is no reason to suppose that Lord PALMERSTON was too stationary to command his confidence; and he has not yet found it impracticable to keep pace with Mr. GLADSTONE. Even if he had not been restrained by official reserve, he would probably not have been inclined to indulge in the generalities which render Mr. HARCOURT's speech at the Town Hall more exciting than his own. At the Druids' dinner Mr. CARDWELL must have listened with mixed feelings of envy and alarm to his comparatively irresponsible colleague.

In an eloquent contrast of the character and history of the Conservative and Liberal parties Mr. HARCOURT plainly indicated his own disinclination to tamper rashly with existing institutions. The great merit which, with considerable though one-sided truth, he attributes to Liberal policy is that, according to his views, it has resulted in the present condition of affairs. It has, in Mr. HARCOURT's opinion, saved the Throne, preserved the aristocracy from the possible consequences of their own mistakes, and greatly strengthened the Church. If these achievements are laudable and beneficial, it follows that it is not desirable to overthrow the Church, the House of Lords, or the Throne, but to preserve the admirable results of Liberal legislation. Mr. HARCOURT seems to have no sympathy with "gentlemen who go up and down the country" "prescribing all sorts of nostrums of a somewhat desperate character for the recovery of the Liberal party." He also feels a great dislike for the un-English term "programme," and for the meddling policy which it commonly indicates. Of course Mr. HARCOURT holds that the Liberal party has still much to do; but probably he is disposed to let the great institutions of the country alone for the present. The evil which he seems chiefly to apprehend is democratic despotism, of which he perhaps thinks that some symptoms have appeared in Permissive Bills and Licensing Bills. It may be true that the Liberal party, or rather the moderate section of its members, will hereafter offer the most effective resistance to the tyranny of numbers; but the first precaution which it must take is to withhold any further addition to the power of the democracy. Mr. GLADSTONE has lately relegated the extension of the county franchise to the distant day at which the public mind will be prepared to adopt it. Before that date arrives, the nominal distinctions of parties will perhaps have been readjusted. If any of Mr. HARCOURT's constituents thought him too cautious at the Town Hall, they will have been reassured by his speech to the Druids. Not content with adopting the popular commonplaces of the day about Land-laws and Game-laws, Mr. HARCOURT proposed the abolition of the Income-tax; and he announced, in the presence of a principal member of the Cabinet, his conviction that the House of Commons would reject the measure on Irish Education which Mr. GLADSTONE is expected to propose. The Oxford tradesmen who really desire the abolition of Schedule D, and the positive or relative increase of the tax upon property, probably failed to observe that Mr. HARCOURT is with good reason impressed rather by the hardships suffered by the owners of small fixed incomes than by the injustice of a contribution to the revenue from trade profits. If Mr. HARCOURT's conjectures as to the feeling of the House of Commons are well founded, Mr. CARDWELL will probably be able at the next Druidical anniversary to speak in freedom from the restraints of office.

GERMANY.

THERE was a time when the controversy as to the conduct of Austria during the French war might have caused a serious coolness between the Courts of Vienna and Berlin. As it is, the leaders of Germany can afford to be perfectly calm and even magnanimous towards Austria. What does it matter, they say, whether Austria did or did not wish to go to war with us in order to help France? If Austrian interests imperatively demanded such a policy to be followed, we cannot blame Austria for having been willing to do what seemed best for her. Now she knows that her true interests require an intimate alliance with Germany; she declares herself our very good friend, and we are ready to take her on her own terms as our ally. This is the language of wisdom and right feeling; and as the immense strength of Germany permits her to use it without suspicion of insincerity, the disclosures of the Duke of GRAMONT have scarcely any bearing upon present German politics, except to show that the relations of Germany and

Austria are perfectly different from those which used to obtain between the rival and equal powers of Austria and Prussia. These disclosures have no more than an historical interest, and that of a very slight kind. The Duke of GRAMONT was examined before the Parliamentary Commission, and he then said that he could not in honour reveal what had passed between the French and foreign Cabinets, as it would make it impossible for foreign statesmen to deal frankly with the French Foreign Office if despatches intended to be confidential were published by French Ministers after they had left office. The Commission acquiesced in this, and the Duke was left perfectly free to keep his secrets. But M. THIERS, in giving his evidence, blamed the Imperial Government for going to war without allies; and suddenly the Duke of GRAMONT discovered that this statement absolved him from all his solemn obligations to secrecy, and he felt himself at liberty to give to the world the most confidential despatches of the Cabinet of Vienna. So far as history goes, the course taken by the Duke is chiefly significant as adding one more illustration of the unfitness of the higher officials employed by the Empire towards its close for their places. What his disclosures come to is that, after war had been declared, Count BEUST informed him that Austria regarded the cause of France as her own, and would contribute to the success of the French arms as much as possible. This does not at all show that France went to war with Austria as an ally, which, on the score of prudence, would have been some sort of justification of the French Ministry; it only showed that Austria would have liked to see France win, and if she had won, would have joined her in the hope of sharing the spoils. As it happened, it was not possible that Austria should help France, for a variety of reasons; because France was so quickly and so utterly crushed that Austria had no time or motive to help her, because the Hungarians and Austrian Germans declined to fight for France, because Russia forbade the intervention of Austria, and because Austria had neither men nor money for a war. Any one of these reasons was enough by itself, and every one of them has been known perfectly well for a long time. The most that can be said is that Count BEUST used language that seemed as if Austria was more ready to act in favour of France than she really was. But what M. THIERS said remains uncontested—that France went to war without allies. The Duke of GRAMONT virtually admits this, but he thinks that he avoids the reproach which this admission involves when he shows that there was one Power which, if France had been successful, would have subsequently joined her. And yet a man who can argue in this way, and violate the honour of diplomacy in order to be able to use the argument, was the Foreign Minister of France at one of the most momentous crises in the history of the nation.

Austria gives Germany no uneasiness; but Germany has an enemy who makes her very uneasy, and that is the Pope. So detestable to the Pope are the goings on of Germany, that he has almost given up execrating the Sovereign of the Subalpine Kingdom, as he calls VICTOR EMMANUEL, and keeps all his stronger phrases and his vials of fiercest wrath for the Germans. The other day the Pope had to make an Allocation, and spoke as he thought right on the occasion. The German Government has set itself in notorious and avowed opposition to him, and he naturally, and properly from his point of view, cursed it for so acting. The particular expressions of *rigmarole* Latin in which he flourished forth his indignation are of no importance, and Englishmen cannot pretend to sympathize with the passion and indignation which the Papal Allocation has called forth in Germany. It was quite proper to order the German representative at the Vatican to quit Rome, as it was not becoming that Herr STUMM should go in state to hear his master cursed. But the German Government has forbidden the circulation of the Allocation in many parts of Germany, and Prussian papers contravening the order not to print it have been threatened with seizure. The loyal German press is beside itself with rage, and can find no terms too hard to describe its feelings towards the Pope who has dared to be impolite towards their beloved EMPEROR and his Ministers. This seems to us in England somewhat childish. We have in our day been cursed, and excommunicated, and interdicted by the reigning Pope of the time in every form of execration known to employers of ecclesiastical Latin. But we found from practical experience that these curses did us no sort of harm. We went on our own way, did exactly as we pleased, ignored the Pope and his views of things human and divine, and used the power of the State as we considered expedient. The consequence is that we now get on quite comfortably with Rome, and no Pope thinks of cursing England, because

Englishmen would not in the slightest degree mind if he did. The Italians, it must be said to their credit, have acted exactly in the same way. They have been steadily cursed for twelve or thirteen years, and have got so used to it that the POPE now directs his choicest language against those who will feel it more. The POPE must have been very much gratified by the reception which his eloquence has met with in Germany. It must have been a delight to him of quite a novel kind to find that he has enemies whom he can sting. Prince BISMARCK lately announced that the Prussian Government would not accept the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and if his Government had got so far as that, it might have been expected to show itself indifferent to a few Latin phrases. There is no middle course open to those who find themselves cursed by the POPE. Either, when cursing, he speaks with divine authority, and then his rebukes ought to be accepted with humble contrition, or he does but utter the sentiments of an amiable but irritable Italian gentleman, and then his curses are not more worth regarding than if they came from the lips of a Roman Marquis. Unless the latter is the view of the German Government, it is wickedly misleading the multitude in not at once seeking reconciliation with the POPE by repentance. If it is the view of the German Government, it might surely let this excellent person curse Germany to his heart's content.

But Germans will of course say that it is easy for Englishmen to talk in this way, as in England power, and numbers, and wealth, and historical tradition are all on the side of Protestantism, whereas German statesmen have to deal with a nation which is divided almost equally between Protestants and Catholics. What German Liberals fear is, not that the POPE's curses can in themselves do harm, but that a very large, important, and fanatical portion of the people of Germany will think they can do harm, and that this will cause intestine discord in Germany. Why should any one blame the POPE for exciting intestine discord in Germany? There are a certain number of Germans who look to him for spiritual guidance, and he gives it them. He, who to their minds is possessed of divine knowledge, and speaks with superhuman certainty, tells them what they ought to do and what they ought to avoid. Those who have destroyed the temporal power always say that they have left the spiritual power of the POPE untouched, and the spiritual power of the POPE means really the power of blessing the good and cursing the wicked. The POPE is using none but strictly spiritual weapons when he issues these long Latin manifestoes, and it is his business to issue them. The extinction of the temporal power is sure to make the exercise of the spiritual power more unfettered and more forcible. While the POPE was Sovereign of a petty principality, he had to be thinking how what he might say would suit Austria, which guarded him, or France, which alternately menaced and protected him. But now he has nothing to lose which sovereigns and armies can take away. The Germans who quarrel with the POPE must look their situation in the face. The POPE does not in the least care whether Herr STUMM attends his receptions or not, while to forbid the attendance of that illustrious German at the Vatican is positively all that the German Government can do to retaliate on the POPE. The Germans have to make up their minds that the POPE will go on cursing them, will curse them with increasing intensity, and will delight in finding that they are, after all, thin-skinned and wince under his chastisement. The quarrel they have taken up is not a light one, and they will have to fight hard to win it. That they, and especially that Prince BISMARCK, will not flinch is tolerably certain; and the KING, moved perhaps somewhat by the Papal Allocution, has taken occasion to intimate publicly that the removal of the Prince from the Presidency of the Cabinet does not imply any severance of policy or opinion between the Sovereign and his great Minister. It is difficult not to suspect that a somewhat artificial importance has been given to the POPE's language in order to sustain the ardour and harden the temper of the Ministerial majorities in the Parliaments both of Prussia and Germany.

POLITICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FRENCH RIGHT.

THE Conservative party in the French Assembly has an able advocate, and occasionally an equally able critic, in the Special Correspondent of the *Times*. This writer has made the close of 1872 a text for a review of the political

changes which he has had to record during the last twelve months. His conclusion is that, while the habit of politics, the faculty of organization, and obedience to discipline were superior with the Left, the Right has throughout shown a more disinterested patriotism and greater purity of motive. The Left never gets much praise from the *Times*' Correspondent. Until lately it was the fashion to attribute the misfortunes of France to the want on the part of the Left of those very qualities which, now that they are forthcoming, are put aside as matters of secondary value. Parliamentary government, it was said, could never be respected so long as Radical deputies stormed and foamed at their opponents whenever anything was said which they disliked. During the Session of 1872 the Left showed an increasing disposition to take this lesson to heart. M. GAMBETTA rarely spoke, even when provoked to do so by all the taunts the Right could invent; and the silence of the leader was diligently, and, on the whole, successfully, copied by the party. If this self-control had been displayed by the Right, it would probably have been quoted as an instance of true devotion to the interests of France. It is only when it is found among the Left that it sinks to the level of a party manoeuvre. Even the divisions of the Right are only virtues in the wrong place. They have their source in "the mistaken notion that the highest interests of the country are bound up in those of rival dynasties." Politically a blunder of this sort is scarcely to be distinguished from a crime. The Right may think they are doing France a service by making, so far as they have the power, every Government impossible save one in which the Count of CHAMBORED or the Count of PARIS holds the chief place. They may be acting in perfect good faith, but good faith unaccompanied by good sense is worthless for any practical purpose. In itself it matters nothing whether the advocates of Divine Right embody their fetish in a Monarchy or a Republic. At present, however, the monarchical doctrinaire is the more mischievous of the two, because it is his turn to give way. If France were as well disposed towards a Restoration as it is towards a Republic, the Republicans would deserve equal blame if they clung to a mistaken notion that the highest interests of the country are bound up in those of a particular form of government. It is not possible, however, to withhold merited censure from one party because another would probably be equally unreasonable if it had the chance. Republicanism is in the ascendant in France, and those who allow political superstition to blind their eyes to this fact are at best virtuous nuisances. Historians may hereafter do justice to their good intentions; contemporary critics can only quote them as the latest example of what good intentions are worth.

The *Times*' Correspondent sees a brighter future opening out before the Right. He admits that they have certain "exclusive prejudices" which they will have to get rid of. But he holds that it is "with them that the influences lie which are calculated to bring about the moral regeneration of France." If by this is meant that the French Conservatives are good husbands and fathers, that they respect family ties, and hold unimpeachably sound opinions as to the rights of property, the testimony may gladly be accepted. Unfortunately, however, the recent experience of the country shows that these admirable qualities, so long as they stand alone, are a benefit only to their possessors. The work of a political party requires political capacity. In their own neighbourhoods the deputies of the Right may be so many centres of moral regeneration. But at Versailles political regeneration is wanted as well, and for this end wisdom is as essential as virtue. What evidence of wisdom, even of inchoate wisdom, have the Right given? The *Times*' Correspondent has nothing to say for their behaviour down to the beginning of the autumn recess. He particularly singles out their interview with M. THIERS on the 20th of June as an amazing exhibition of human folly. Even during the recess they showed no signs of improvement; on the contrary, they frightened the moderate Liberal public by their theological extravagances. But they had the wit to see that M. GAMBETTA's speech at Grenoble had alarmed the moderate Liberal public yet more, and thereupon to assume the character of defenders of society against a universal and implacable foe. If they really believed their own story, they were justified no doubt in taking this course. But the want of discrimination which can see no difference between a Radical of M. GAMBETTA's type and a Paris Communist is fatal to their pretensions as enlightened politicians. If they did not believe their own story—if, that is, they merely grouped Radicals and Communists together for the sake of involving them in a

common shame, their action was shortsighted as well as immoral. They ought to have known that the Republican party in France is too strong to be put down by transparent misrepresentations, and that an appeal to a cosmopolitan conservatism could only throw suspicion on their own patriotism. Nor is there any more trace of political acumen in the conduct of the Right towards the PRESIDENT. They may have sincerely believed that M. THIERS was only a Communist in Conservative clothing, in which case they were honest and foolish; or they may have hoped to bring him to their side by threats of withdrawing their confidence, in which case they were dishonest and foolish. But on neither hypothesis were they anything but foolish. The real needs of France remain what they were, and foremost among them comes the need that the Government should secure the support of the largest attainable number of Frenchmen. If M. THIERS were to become simply President of the Right—which is what the demand that he should break with the Radicals really amounts to—the main reason for conferring the office upon him would no longer operate. His object is to build up a government in which Republican forms shall embody Conservative realities. If the Right had sufficient sense to take in this object, it is probable that they would, as a body, be willing to co-operate in bringing it to pass. The number of deputies who have either a Legitimist or an Orleanist Restoration much at heart is probably exceedingly small. But they are not enlightened enough to understand, that to saddle Conservatism with the maintenance of a throne in addition to the other burdens which it has to sustain is to run a terrible risk of overtaxing its strength. They have not yet shaken off the notion that a throne is an institution which would, under all circumstances, defend its adherents, instead of being an institution which its adherents might have to defend. Or, if they have shaken off this idea, their conduct only becomes more unintelligible. What can the French Conservatives expect to gain by postponing the definitive constitution of the Republic until some unnamed day, when they will no longer be able to superintend the process? If, as the *Times*' Correspondent tells us, the general scope of M. THIERS's programme is "very similar to that which the Conservatives desire," why have they put so many obstacles in the way of its execution? Men who do not know their own friends, and quarrel with a PRESIDENT who is doing their work for them far more effectually than they could possibly do it themselves, because he bestows a few civilities on the opposite party, may have excellent hearts, but they cannot have strong heads.

It may be that the silence and secrecy of the Thirty and their Sub-Commissions indicate that some sense of this truth is at last dawning upon them. But it is by no means certain that there is still time for their eyes to be opened to any purpose. Supposing that they now make up their minds to work heartily with M. THIERS, their sudden conversion may alarm the Left, and lead it to offer a vigorous opposition to changes in which a little while back it would, to say the least, have acquiesced. The object of the Left is to get the Republic well under weigh, and to secure this they would admit into it a stronger element of Conservatism than they would be disposed to introduce if they were framing a Constitution for themselves. But if the Right, after rejecting M. THIERS's proposals in the first instance, are by and by seen to be impressed with a sudden conviction of their merit, it will not be an unnatural inference that M. THIERS has made some secret promise inconsistent with his public declarations. The Left will then subject every proposal he may make to the strictest scrutiny, and it will be strange if under this ordeal some defects are not perceived which will justify the Left, at all events in their own opinion, in refusing to accept a Republic from the making of which Republicans have been carefully excluded. To have been obstinate when reason counselled pliability, and to be pliable when events have already stereotyped the results of previous obstinacy, may be the crowning title of the Right to the possession of political foresight.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

DR. FORBES WATSON appears to be very much exercised in mind by the declining popularity of International Exhibitions, and he has endeavoured in a couple of letters to the *Times* to explain the reasons why, in his opinion, these Exhibitions have fallen in public estimation, and the means by which they may be restored to their former glorious position. Dr. WATSON's letters are very long, and it is only by

quotation that we can hope to give any idea of their profoundly philosophical character, and the sesquipedalian dignity of the language in which they are written. Dr. WATSON fears that there is no use in shutting our eyes to the fact "that the enthusiastic expectations of 1851 have given place to a growing feeling of indifference, mingled with impatience, on the part of the bulk of practical men, and to a feeling of scepticism and disappointment on the part of a great number of 'thinking men.'" The usefulness of Exhibitions as public institutions is questioned, and even their "efficiency in furthering private interests is strongly doubted, sometimes denied." Dr. WATSON assures us that, in the latter respect at least, great injustice is done to the South Kensington Exhibitions. These Exhibitions, he says, "certainly promote a good number of individual interests." This is, no doubt, very satisfactory, especially to the individuals whose interests are promoted; but at the same time there is also perhaps a certain amount of truth in Dr. WATSON's deep reflection that "a public institution can live only in virtue of a manifest, incontrovertible, and tangible public utility." Dr. WATSON pathetically contrasts the brilliant prospects of the Exhibition of 1851, which "was to be instrumental in bringing about a political and social millennium," with the degradation of more recent Exhibitions, at which even small retail tradesmen turn up their noses. Dr. WATSON has heard it said that the Exhibitions of the present day are good only as "a means of advertisement," and not good for much even from that low point of view. He asks himself how this decline and fall of International Exhibitions has come to pass, and after deep cogitation he arrives at the conclusion that the success of the first Exhibitions was due "to the operation of causes which are becoming less and less operative." When causes cease to operate they usually become less operative; but why did the causes in this case become inoperative? Dr. WATSON appears to be of opinion that International Exhibitions have gone down in the world because their success in the first instance was too complete. This is perhaps only another way of saying that their usefulness is exhausted, and, if so, we are disposed to take the same view. "Many objects," says the Doctor, "which in 1851 were considered as being capable of realization only by the means of great periodic public efforts, occurring at considerable intervals of time, are now permanently acquired by private trade, and have passed into the daily practice of international commerce"; in other words, shopkeepers can now manage their own affairs very well without the assistance of the Royal Family, Cabinet Ministers, and all sorts of distinguished people, to say nothing of COLE C.B.

We gather from Dr. WATSON's letters that "the doubts which are now beginning to be entertained by the public have long weighed down the minds of the organizers of Exhibitions," and especially of the "French Commissioners of the Paris Exhibition of 1867." We can hardly say that we are surprised at this. The Exhibition of 1867 was intended, we believe, to be a great festival of fraternity. The Prussians, to show their love for the French, sent them the great Krupp gun to look at, and King WILLIAM and Count MOLTKE, with their staff, being on a visit to the EMPEROR, took the opportunity of inspecting the fortifications of Paris and the adjoining country. Three years later the EMPEROR and Count MOLTKE paid another visit to the French capital, and the Parisians then learned that the big Krupp gun had not been melted down into reaping-hooks and ploughshares. Dr. WATSON professes to believe that "Exhibitions have powerfully contributed to knit closer the bonds of international relations"; and when he wrote this he was perhaps thinking of the bonds of the war indemnity in which France is bound to Germany. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was quickly followed by the Russian and Italian wars; and although the United States have always been amply represented at our Exhibitions, it has not the less been necessary to pay three millions to that country in order, according to the theory of the English Government, to avoid hostilities. It would be as absurd to deny the useful results of the Exhibition of 1851 as to argue that it has been the means of regenerating humanity and establishing a millennium of love and peace. In their own way International Exhibitions are no doubt sufficiently amusing and instructive. They are an innocent and agreeable lounge for people who visit them only to indulge their curiosity, and to pass away an hour or two; while those who go for the purpose of studying the productions of a particular craft or country can hardly fail to carry away a considerable amount of valuable information. An International Exhibition is only a grand name for a large bazaar. Call it by its right name and there can be no objec-

tion to it. What has disgusted people with these undertakings is the absurd pretensions advanced on their behalf, and the monstrous puffery and charlatanism with which they are associated. Every grocer's or silkmercer's shop is practically an International Exhibition—that is to say, wares from all parts of the world are collected there for exhibition and sale. Ever since 1851 the shopkeeping element in the International Exhibitions has been acquiring greater prominence; and the sort of Exhibition which is now held year after year at South Kensington is simply a congeries of shops. No attempt is made to limit the show to productions of genuine artistic merit. The shopkeepers who think it worth while to become exhibitors simply empty the contents of their windows into the stalls allotted to them. To the Exhibition of 1871 the Indian Government contributed a considerable quantity of articles of native manufacture. These articles when first displayed were labelled with the prices at which they were sold in India, but soon afterwards some private dealers began to sell wares of a similar kind, and the prices on the exhibited articles had to be removed in order that the dealers might be under no restraint in charging what they pleased. This is only one illustration out of many which might be given of the spirit in which these Exhibitions have come to be managed. It may be suggested that, if the great object is to provide a profitable market for certain classes of shopkeepers, the shopkeepers may be trusted to understand their own interests, and to push their trade without the intervention of distinguished Royal Commissioners, who might be much more usefully and honourably employed in other ways. On the other hand, the establishment of a popular show might advantageously be left to professional showmen. The annual Exhibitions at South Kensington have declined in two ways; the public and exhibitors have both turned away from them. Manufacturers of a high class resent the company in which they find themselves at these promiscuous gatherings, and prefer to appeal to the public in their own way. The system of awards has collapsed from natural causes, and there is now nothing to tempt exhibitors but the chance of selling their goods.

Dr. WATSON is of opinion that the future success of International Exhibitions depends on "the reconstruction in the public mind of a clear and high idea of the magnitude and importance of the functions which Exhibitions may be made to fulfil." It would be more reasonable, perhaps, to say that the success of these Exhibitions depends on the managers forming a clear and high idea of the principles by which they should be guided. It is not the business of Royal Commissioners to identify themselves with shopkeeping interests, or to enter into competition with tea-gardens and Crystal Palaces. The manufacturers of the ordinary articles of commerce are by no means such a morbidly shy and retiring class that they need to be coaxed out of their modest seclusion by public functionaries, and entreated to allow their goods to be exhibited and their names to be advertised. If they have wares to sell, they will probably find some means of letting the public know it. The Commissioners have undoubtedly committed a great mistake in allowing the shopkeeping element to acquire such a predominance in their shows, and, on the other hand, they have stooped too low for the sake of gratifying the tastes of vulgar holiday-makers. The only way in which these displays can be raised to a proper position is by rigidly eschewing shopkeeping and claptrap, and confining the Exhibitions to articles of real artistic excellence, which should be shown for their own sake, and not with a view to sale. It is true that an Exhibition of this kind might prove to be neither very popular nor very remunerative, but it would be attended with more solid advantages; it would encourage art and educate the public taste. There is no reason, as far as we can see, why distinguished noblemen and gentlemen should be appointed by the QUEEN to perform functions which are already adequately provided for in the ordinary course of trade. The shopkeeping and showman parts of the business, if worth doing at all, may be safely left to private enterprise. The mission of the Royal Commissioners, if they have a mission, surely lies in a more elevated region. Dr. FORBES WATSON hints at a grand scheme of Trade and Technical Museums—a museum devoted to cotton machinery and products in Manchester; another to wool in Leeds or Bradford; another to metal work at Birmingham, and so on; and permanent systematic collections of this kind would undoubtedly be more useful than temporary Exhibitions got up chiefly with an eye to popular effect. Works of art and of special ingenuity constitute, however, the appropriate objects of such Exhibitions as those at South Kensington. Apart from the general popularity of Interna-

tional Exhibitions, that which is to be held this year at Vienna seems to have every prospect of being successful. Vienna is a pleasant city, out of the track of the ordinary tourist, and not yet hackneyed; and there is much to excite interest both in the social and political circumstances of Austria. Among ourselves, however, Exhibitions of this kind have evidently had their day.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish factions take up the part of rebellion one after the other like glee-singers, except when occasionally they all join in one discordant chorus. If rumour may be trusted, it is now the turn of the supporters of Don ALFONSO to relieve the Carlists who still utter insurrectionary murmurs in the North, and the irreconcilable Republicans who have recently been silenced. The report is probably calumnious, for the Alfonsists belong to a class which has something to lose, and to them civil war would be a more serious undertaking than to the mountaineers of Galicia, or to the bloodthirsty rabble of the great towns. If it is true that the KING regards their designs with uneasiness, it may be conjectured that he fears their perseverance and their organization rather than any immediate attempt at violence. If indeed the chiefs of the army incline to the cause of the banished dynasty, the present system may become untenable; but for the moment the PRIME MINISTER appears to be in a stronger position than any of his predecessors since the death of PRIM. It is true that the life of any political man who has rendered service to Spain is in the highest degree precarious. The assassins who haunt some parts of Madrid lately fired on ZORRILLA's carriage and murdered one of his servants. If the criminals had been arrested and punished, they would probably have been accompanied by the same sympathy which attends Manchester martyrs; but in Madrid patriots of their order incur little risk of martyrdom. The murderers of PRIM and the would-be murderers of the KING are still unpunished and undiscovered; and the practice of assassination naturally flourishes. If ZORRILLA escapes the danger which is a condition of power in Spain, he may perhaps abate the political anarchy which has long prevailed. He has already rendered good service to the KING and country by retaining office longer than any other Minister during the present reign. It appears that he still commands a large majority in the Cortes; and he has at last introduced a remarkable innovation by proposing a measure of undoubted expediency and justice. Since the last revolution, and during the greater part of the reign of Queen ISABELLA, the military and civil adventurers who have at different times succeeded to power have been almost exclusively occupied with efforts to maintain their own supremacy; and O'DONNELL, who tried to divert popular attention to foreign policy, only succeeded in involving the country in two or three unnecessary and unprofitable wars. PRIM, after he had risen to the head of affairs, displayed both energy and patriotism; but he was during his tenure of office unavoidably engrossed in the difficult task of founding a constitution and a dynasty. ZORRILLA has now determined to concentrate his exertions on the correction of a great and acknowledged abuse.

The Progressist party, which possesses a large majority in the Cortes, has cordially approved ZORRILLA's proposal for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico, and of course it may be expected that all sections of the Opposition will unite in condemning emancipation. The principle, indeed, has long since been formally approved, but no machinery has been provided for the accomplishment of the scheme. It is evident that ZORRILLA is thought, both by friends and enemies, to display extraordinary boldness in giving practical effect to former legislation. The Bill which he has introduced provides for the complete abolition of slavery within a year, and for compensation to the owners. From the rhetorical preamble it might be supposed that the emancipation of slaves was a Spanish discovery of the present day, which had never been anticipated by less civilized and less generous nations; but if fine words render sound measures more acceptable to the Cortes and the people, it would be hypercritical to object to sonorous recitals. In the exercise of national magnanimity the slaves are to be made free, and the objects of legislative beneficence will not inquire too curiously into the originality of the measure. To foreigners it seems that the conditions of emancipation in Porto Rico are unusually favourable. The white or coloured free population numbers half a million, and there are only 25,000 slaves, occupied for the most part in domestic service. There

is consequently no risk of disturbing the cultivation of the land; and it may be presumed that the dense population of the island affords sufficient security against the mischievous practice of squatting. Employers will hereafter be compelled to pay wages for the services which have hitherto been rendered by slaves; but the expense will be wholly or partly covered by the compensation provided in the Bill. When the slaves were emancipated in the English colonies forty years ago, the large sum which was voted by Parliament proved insufficient to compensate the planters for the impossibility of obtaining labour to cultivate their estates. If the liberated slaves would have worked for wages as well as they had worked under compulsion, justice and philanthropy would have been combined with economical advantage. The inconvenience of emancipating in Porto Rico one negro among twenty free men can scarcely be intolerable. It may be inferred from the smallness of the slave population that few importations have taken place in recent times. The slave trade seems for some unknown reason to have been exclusively directed to Cuba, where the negroes are consequently less generally civilized than in Porto Rico, especially as a larger proportion in Cuba is employed in field labour.

ZORRILLA thinks it prudent to consult the national susceptibility by confining the project of abolition to the colony in which there is no civil disturbance. It might be difficult to invent plausible arguments against the emancipation of slaves in Porto Rico; but it is evident to all parties that the present measure must hereafter be extended to the more important colony. The owners of slaves and of other property in Cuba accordingly offer the most active resistance to the Ministerial measure; and the political factions which support them endeavour to excite popular prejudice by attributing ZORRILLA's proposal to foreign dictation. The PRESIDENT of the United States in his recent Message gave colour to the suggestion that emancipation is promoted in deference to American opinion; nor is it enough to answer that the PRESIDENT spoke only of Cuba, while the Ministerial Bill applies only to Porto Rico. Judicious statesmen might perhaps hold that there is nothing wrong in consulting foreign opinion when it is well founded; and the expediency of looking abroad becomes more undeniable when there is an ulterior risk of alien interference. It would be much less offensive to Spanish pride to tolerate indirect American dictation than to submit to the loss of the West Indian colonies. It is in the meantime more convenient to appeal to Spanish generosity than to avow the motives which may possibly have affected the Minister's determination. ZORRILLA accordingly announces with ostentatious frequency the impossibility of introducing reforms into Cuba during the continuance of the insurrection, which was represented in the PRESIDENT's Message as an additional reason for abolishing slavery. The strength of the resistance which he must be prepared to encounter is indicated by the resignation of two of his principal colleagues. There is no reason to suppose that the dissentients are the only members of the Progressist party who disapprove of emancipation; and therefore it seems probable that the small minority against the first reading of the Bill inadequately represents the force of the future opposition. The Republicans will perhaps remain neutral, or even support the Bill, unless they see a prospect of overthrowing the Ministry. No Spanish faction can be expected to prefer a principle to a party triumph.

Although it might perhaps have been impracticable to carry a Bill for the emancipation of slaves in Cuba, untoward results may follow the determination of the Government and the Cortes to maintain the existing institution as long as the insurrection continues. If indeed slavery were regarded by the people of Cuba as an evil, there would be plausible reasons for declaring that the penalty should be enforced as long as the crime of rebellion was not abandoned; but unfortunately the only point in which the insurgents agree with the professed loyalists is in the maintenance of slavery. The American citizens whom the PRESIDENT lately denounced as large owners of slaves in Cuba probably profess ardent sympathy with the insurrection. The rebels have never emancipated their own slaves, though they sometimes confiscate the human chattels of their enemies; and it therefore seems but an ineffective menace to warn them that if they persist in their treasonable conduct they will be allowed or compelled to maintain their favourite institution. It has sometimes been suspected that even the loyalists of Cuba are not inveterately opposed to the continuance of an insurrection which brings them a supply of Spanish troops and Spanish money. It is certain that they have often thwarted the measures of the Home authorities; nor, indeed, is it easy to understand

how the rebels can have maintained themselves so long, unless they receive countenance from some of their fellow-colonists. To both parties, equally devoted as they are to the maintenance of slavery, the Minister announces that complete pacification will be followed by compulsory abolition. The only sufficient excuse for his anomalous policy is conscious inability to abolish slavery in both islands at once, and the necessity of not arousing Spanish jealousy by seeming to countenance American interference. The Government of the United States, as it probably entertains no purpose of attempting the annexation of Cuba at present, may perhaps be disposed to assist ZORRILLA in his partial and tentative project of emancipation. It is certain that Cuba will, after no long interval, be forced to imitate the example of its neighbour, as it will, from the date of the emancipation of the negroes in Porto Rico, remain alone in its maintenance of the obnoxious institution. The Spanish Ministry may be congratulated on having associated their predominance with the assertion of a sound policy which, although it may disturb established prejudices, is at the same time calculated to attract much popular support.

CHARITABLE APPEALS.

THE column in the morning papers at this season headed "Charitable Appeals" is not pleasant reading. If it only brought the existence of poverty before us, it might be made pleasanter by a strenuous effort to extend and multiply the many agencies which aim at relieving poverty. But unhappily it also brings before us the want of wisdom or system which characterizes too many of these efforts, and the lax way in which benevolent persons try to get rid of their money and their responsibilities at the same time. The mischiefs of indiscriminate charity are more than ordinarily visible this winter because the general condition of the labouring population is unusually good. Even in London the number of paupers is less by some forty thousand than it was three years ago. The open winter has been favourable to work, and the system of sending surplus hands to other parts of the country has enabled many who really want work to profit by the exceptional weather. But after full allowance has been made for all this improvement, there remains a huge mass of distress in which no sign of amendment is visible. Those who compose it have in many cases lost the wish as well as the power to do better. They have learned to prefer the indolent excitement of mendicancy to the rough, dull business of maintaining themselves by the work of their hands. For the most part they are miserably off, but their lives are at all events chequered by intervals of luck, and so have a charm which is lacking to the dull monotony of a hard, and probably ill paid, employment. There are thousands in London who, if the choice were given them, would prefer to beg 3s. 6d. a week for three weeks out of four, with the chance of getting 30s. in the fourth, rather than to earn 10s. a week the whole month through. Probably the industrious classes have no adequate idea of the repugnance which an habitual idler feels towards labour. Even if these people were willing to work, it does not follow that work would at once be forthcoming. The great system of charities which girdles the city round has for so long a time attracted to London the least provident part of the population, that the labour market is overstocked. Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN tells us that "an extraordinary number of widows and deserted wives with their children have so overstocked the market for washing, charring, common sewing, and other inferior kinds of labour in London, that it is impossible for them to maintain themselves by honest industry, even if they desired to do so." The only efficient way of dealing with such a crowd as this is to transplant them by degrees from London, until in the end they shall be absorbed by the various districts in which a demand for such labour still exists. It would be a process requiring time and judgment, but if those on whom it had to be exercised would co-operate with such charitable persons as were willing to undertake the management of it, it would not be impracticable. It is this co-operation, however, that is wanting. How are you to transport a population who look upon removal to a district where they would have no choice but between work and the Workhouse as equivalent to a sentence of penal servitude? If they found that staying in London really meant the starvation which it seems to mean, even a sentence to work would have its attractions for them. But the most undeserving classes of this pauper army never starve. "The widows," Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN goes on, "put on the cap" (which, like the gown and badge of the King's bedesmen, is regarded as a license to beg), "demand

"the 'widow's half-crown' from the out-door relief, and go 'the round of the charities, getting a soup or a dinner ticket 'here, a bread or a grocery ticket there, and doles from district 'visitors of different religious persuasions, with all of whom 'they pretend to agree.' What is true of widows especially is true in its degree of other classes. Even these charities may not be enough to support those dependent on them; but they form, so to speak, a fund a share in which is gained partly on the principle of a lottery, partly by superior proficiency in the arts of mendicancy. In this way they demoralize a larger circle than that which they actually feed, and whenever the disproportion between the numbers to be relieved and the means of relieving them becomes more than commonly great, there is the general public outside which can be squeezed by means of special appeals.

These are not new statements. For several years past they have been dinned into the ears of Londoners, but as yet with scarcely any visible success. There is nearly the same want of system, nearly the same overlapping of charitable areas, nearly the same regard for the immediate necessity without thought of the ultimate consequences, that there ever was. "Increased destitution," to quote Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN "again, provokes more abundant relief, and more abundant relief 'encourages those habits which lead to a further aggravation 'of the destitution." The lesson which benevolent persons have yet to learn is, that when matters have come to such a pass as they have now, ultimate improvement must be purchased at the cost of present hardship, even to some whom we would willingly see exempted from it. Here and there, no doubt, in this crowd of vice and pauperism there are cases which deserve care and tenderness. It may be doubted indeed whether these are often found among those who profit by indiscriminate doles. But conceding, for the sake of argument, that they are, and that there would be no means of singling them out for relief if the indiscriminate doles were done away with, it would still be true that an army of mendicants ought not to be maintained in vice and idleness because a few honest workers have accidentally got mixed up with them. In the letters from Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN from which we have already made extracts two forms of relief are singled out for special condemnation. Soup-kitchens, though a rough and ready mode of preserving life in a time of general calamity, degenerate afterwards from the wholesale character of the operations into a "vast machinery for the encouragement of low idleness, hypocrisy and vice." Night Refuges, since the passing of the Houseless Poor Acts, have become mischievous, as tending to promote vagrancy by paralysing the efforts made by the Poor Law authorities to repress it. They are simply so many "annexes," in which the vagrant knows that he will not be exposed to official inspection. A third form of mendicancy instanced by Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN is crossing-sweeping, by which women, children, and able-bodied men are alike "tempted to adopt a lazy, shifty life, 'dependent upon precarious alms." It is important to bear in mind that such evils as the last two cannot be met by simple denunciations. As regards Night Refuges, charitable persons must be assured that the casual wards of the London Workhouses really do their work—that no one is rejected who ought to be admitted, that no one is turned out without inquiry whom a little timely help might set on his legs again, that no one is prevented from seeking shelter in them by reason of moral annoyances which are worse than the physical sufferings of the streets. As long as any doubt prevails on these points, Night Refuges will continue to be supported. As regards crossing-sweepers, there is, as Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN himself points out, an actual service performed, and, so long as this continues to be rendered by persons not paid for their work, payment will continue to be made in the form of alms. As regards soup-kitchens there is not so much difficulty. They are almost always supported from sheer want of thought; those who keep them on foot have yet to learn that charity which is merely and obviously temporary in its aim, which feeds the hungry to-day without considering whether to do so may not lead to their being hungry to-morrow, must do harm, unless the relief is exceptional as well as temporary. In the Lancashire cotton famine soup-kitchens were a most useful instrument for meeting a sudden need. But if the factory workers had been encouraged to expect them every winter, the whole district might by this time have been pauperized. Upon this point, therefore, preaching may do some good; upon the other two it has been shown that something more is wanted. The difficulty about Night Refuges may be met partly by the adoption of the separate system in the casual wards, which has been found to have great advantages in

some country Unions, and partly by the establishment of a branch office of the Charity Organization Society in the neighbourhood of every casual ward. By this means, any case which needed to be looked into might be sure of meeting attention, and the claim put forward by some Night Refuges of possessing facilities for rendering permanent help which are denied to the casual wards, would no longer hold water. Crossing-sweepers can only be got rid of in one of two ways; either the local authorities must undertake to clean the crossings, as they do the roads, or some private society should take as many of them as its funds will allow, and have them kept in order by its own servants. In this way contributors would be sure that their money went to support regularly paid labour, not to encourage begging under cover of the sweeper's broom.

THE TIMES ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE *Times* was apparently in great straits last week for matter to fill its columns. It therefore had recourse to publishing a long and, if we may speak plainly, a silly discourse upon Spiritualism. The writer was one of those persons who apparently waver between scientific contempt and morbid curiosity. They affect to pooh-pooh the whole business of mediums and *séances*, and at the same time they flutter about them, and, if not themselves deceived, do their best to stimulate the curiosity of people sillier than themselves. The article referred to that wonderful Report of the Committee of the "Dialectical Society" upon which we commented some months back, but the main impulse to talking about Spiritualism just now appears to be a mysterious volume, which had been handed to the author under a "solemn promise" not to divulge the names of the people concerned. We are, however, informed with due reverence that amongst them are a dowager duchess, a nobleman, a captain in the Guards, a baronet, a member of Parliament, and others of less exalted position. The volume itself was printed by an earl, now dead, or, as the writer puts it, "who has lately passed beyond the House of Lords, beyond also, we trust, the spirit-peopled chairs and tables which in his lifetime he loved not wisely, but too well." That dowager duchesses and captains in the Guards should be victims to a degrading superstition is not quite an unprecedented phenomenon. Cagliostro succeeded in imposing even upon personages of royal blood. No rank, alas! is a sufficient protection against the extremes of human folly; and the most attractive game for an impostor are people who are at once rich, credulous, and idle. That class unluckily includes members of the peerage and the baronetage. The writer, however, further thought it necessary to witness some phenomena for himself. He was a good deal puzzled because, when sitting in a dark room with a couple of distinguished mediums, a chair was thrown upon the table. He saw some phenomena in the presence of Mr. Home and Miss Fox which were still more singular, such as a table rising from the ground in a room lighted by two "spirit lamps," whatever they may be; and an accordion playing a tune in Mr. Home's hands without visible interference, though the observer could not see the keys, nor tell whether they moved. "There was nothing," he says, "during the whole evening except the phenomena themselves to suggest imposture." However, he very properly remembered Mr. Lewes's maxim, "Distinguish between facts and inferences from facts," and accordingly he did not infer that a dead man was playing on an accordion because certain sounds were produced by unknown means. That was a very wise reserve, and we could wish that it were more generally imitated. It appears, however, from the correspondence which has of course followed the article, that various people, including some men of science, are unable to refrain from inventing causes for the phenomena; and assume, because some odd things happen which are rather queerer than ordinary conjuring tricks, that invisible beings must be walking about and doing them. That such a jump from facts to fancies should be made quite unconsciously is a singular illustration of the ordinary condition of the human mind, even amongst persons who can observe some classes of facts with great accuracy.

It is, however, a pity that the *Times* should fill three or four columns with records of these stale and wearisome "manifestations." If anybody wishes to examine into the subject, he can do so with great ease and at very little expense. But why gratuitously advertise a sect which has turned many feeble brains and done no little social mischief? To a healthy-minded observer there is something inexpressibly disgusting about the whole system. To trade upon people's best affections for their departed friends, to profess to make a peepshow of dead fathers and husbands, and to carry out this purpose by stimulating the morbid tendencies of diseased minds, is a trade so unutterably vile that one can scarcely speak with patience of those who practise it. If any mediums are impostors (and even mediums admit that there are such impostors), they deserve a term of penal servitude more thoroughly than any of the wretched old gipsy-women who tell fortunes to servant-girls. The imposition is grosser and far more pernicious to the persons deceived. To obtain money under false pretences is bad enough in all cases; but when the pretences are of a kind which may hopelessly upset the moral and intellectual equilibrium of those who are taken in, no words can be strong

enough to describe the baseness of the deceivers. For this reason alone, one would think that a respectable journal should be very scrupulous in giving fresh publicity to what, as it admits, and indeed is strongly inclined to think, may very likely be gross imposture.

But, it is said, there may very possibly be something in Spiritualism. Some mediums are eminently respectable people; and at any rate the matter demands scientific investigation. Very well; let it be scientifically investigated. Medical men have to investigate madness and all varieties of loathsome disease; but it does not follow that crowds of thoughtless and ignorant people should take up a pursuit for which they are totally unqualified, and which leads them into very serious danger of infection. People who don't know how to observe unconsciously spread the most monstrous fictions, and truth is obscured, not cleared, by their mixing themselves up in the inquiry. And meanwhile they run no little risk, if not of absolute insanity, at least of becoming addicted to observances not more reasonable than those of a mediæval wizard, or even a negro fetish-worshipper. If Spiritualism is a cheat and a humbug, this danger is manifest; but even if there is something in it—if, for example, as Mr. Cox maintains, the alleged phenomena are produced by some abnormal action of the nervous system—it is not less manifest that a most serious risk is incurred. Articles which encourage dowager duchesses and captains of the Guards to deliver themselves over tied and bound to obey the bidding of mediums by speaking seriously of the results obtained, are encouraging a bad practice which may be propagated to more useful members of society.

As, however, a good deal of curiosity upon the subject prevails, and is likely to be stimulated by such articles as those in the *Times*, we will suggest one or two reasons which should make people pause before encouraging *séances* and spiritual manifestations. In the first place, if there is anything in Spiritualism, nothing could be easier than to demonstrate its truth. Why do we believe, it is asked, in the revelations of the electric telegraph? Because we submit them to crucial experiments every day and every hour of the day. Why don't we believe in the revelations of mediums? Because they always evade a crucial experiment. Take a simple case. President Lincoln's assassination was known throughout America within an hour or two after it had happened. Subsequent evidence of course confirmed the truth of the report. If a Spiritualist had announced the event in England before it had come to us by any ordinary means (the submarine telegraph was not then laid down), we should have been convinced instantaneously that Spiritualists possessed some mysterious power. If, in fact, they possess the means of knowing what is happening at distant times and places, they can place the reality of their claims beyond all conceivable cavil. They can prove their power fifty times a day. But any one proof would be sufficient. If a single revelation were made such as that of Lincoln's assassination, it would be enough. Why has no such proof ever been given? For the simple reason that the power does not exist. All the alleged wonders of this kind depend upon what A. said to B., and what B. repeated to C., and so on. If a single witness has lied or made a mistake, they are valueless. A man claims a power of communicating with disembodied spirits; if he has it, opportunities for demonstrating it in the most public manner are open to him every day and all day long; and yet it is never done. And for this reason we recommend ordinary inquirers to wait. If the alleged power exists, it will prove itself. If it does not, they had better not waste time in examining into it.

Mr. Home, indeed, suggests a reply; and a wonderful reply it is. The spirits, it seems, are capricious. It may be so; but a philosopher is bound to accept the simplest explanation consistent with the facts. Perhaps, when a watch is missing from my pocket and is transferred to that of a notorious thief by no visible agency, a spirit may have done the trick; but it is safer to assume that the thief managed to do it without my seeing it. The same argument applies to Mr. Home's spirits. So long as their caprice leads them always to shrink from a crucial test, it is simpler to assume that they don't exist. Give us a phenomenon otherwise insoluble, and we will accept your explanation; but so long as you give nothing which may not be explained by assuming a certain quantity of roguery, imbecility, or, it may be, morbid action of the brain, we shall not go out of our way to assume the existence of spirits. The Spiritualists prove a great deal too much; if a tenth part of what they say is true, they have the means of publicly demonstrating their supernatural powers. They never do. What is the obvious inference? If it were declared that the heir to an estate who had been lost really existed; if he might recover his property by simply showing himself in Westminster Hall; if he obstinately refused to come, but offered to produce a number of affidavits from people who had met him in dark rooms, or talked to him for a minute in his attorney's office, what should we think of him?

For this reason we may be pretty sure that the truth will not suffer by the abstinence of dowager duchesses and others from attendance upon *séances*. But there is a positive reason, of much more weight, for their staying away. Whatever may be the meaning of Spiritualism, one thing is undeniable. It is a belief of which rogues and charlatans of every variety may take advantage for the basest purposes. When a mere conjuring trick is regarded as proof that the performer possesses supernatural authority, what is likely to be the condition of the person who takes the conjuror for a spiritual adviser? We heard nothing more about spiritual assistance being vouchsafed to the

Davenport Brothers after the rope-tying trick had been found out. But many respectable, and even generally intelligent, persons were for a time as fully convinced that the rope was untied by supernatural agency as they now are that Mr. Home is lifted into the air by spirits. Their conviction was confessedly a delusion; as indeed the trick is now exposed at every street corner. It is needless to dilate upon the mischiefs which would result, and which in fact do result, to a person who takes a notorious juggler and liar—such a man, for example, as Mr. Browning's inimitable "Sludge"—to be a director of his conscience. A sincere Spiritualist must of course agree with us in this, as in fact Mr. Home appears to do. The medium through whom a widow receives communications from her dead husband should be above all suspicion of sordid motives. Otherwise the impostors who mix with the honest men will have the fullest opportunity of carrying out the worst designs, and, instead of receiving a message from the dead, their unfortunate victims will be only receiving a message from Mr. Sludge. No one should more carefully guard against the sham than those who believe in the existence of the genuine article. And therefore it is an obvious consideration that a medium should never receive money. The evidence for genuine miracles depends in no small degree on the character of the witnesses. If the early teachers of Christianity had made a comfortable income out of their disciples for showing wonders, instead of exposing themselves to martyrdom, we should have a very different opinion of their honesty. To creep into the houses of silly widows was a practice which required very vehement denunciation. An honest man may conceivably take money for introducing us to the spirit world, but it is quite certain that a knave will take money for pretending to do so. And therefore, unless we would give a direct encouragement to rogues, and help to overlay the reality—if there be a reality—by a mass of falsehood, the less ordinary people have to do with professional traders in Spiritualism the better.

Mr. Home, as we have said, seems to agree with us; at least he declares that he has never taken money for showing off his spirits. Let us give him all the honour due to such admirable independence. So long as he makes no money by his performances, directly or indirectly, the value of his testimony will be greatly increased. And therefore we consider it to be a cause for sincere congratulation that the Court of Chancery ordered him to restore Mrs. Lyon's thirty thousand pounds. Indeed we cannot doubt that he would have returned it of his own accord as soon as it had occurred to him that the great cause of Spiritualism would suffer injury from the precedent. The manifestations which took place in a certain cab were doubtless owing to "unconscious cerebration," if not to spirits. But then people of less lofty character might celebrate consciously, and we should have no means of detecting the difference. The story shows how easily a man actuated by the purest motives may be led into practices susceptible of an unpleasant interpretation, and we hope that Mr. Home will throw the weight of his authority into enforcing the excellent rule that no mediums should ever receive money on any pretence from those who consult them, in which case we strongly suspect that the true nature of the system would speedily appear.

THE PROPOSED HISTORY SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE.

WE have glad some time back to see that so wise a choice had been made as that which named Mr. A. W. Ward to be an Examiner in the Law and History Tripos at Cambridge. The distinguished Professor of History at Manchester presently gave the results of his temporary return to work in the elder seat of learning in the form of a pamphlet containing suggestions which needed only to be followed to work a very great work indeed. Mr. Ward's proposal was simply this—to establish a real School of History at Cambridge, from which all the narrow restrictions with which ignorance and prejudice have surrounded the subject should be swept away. Mr. Ward is a real student of history; he is one of those who have grasped the great but simple truth of the Unity of History. He has learned that man is the same, whatever the land he lives in or the tongue he speaks; he has learned that to study the history of one time and place needs the same method and the same faculties which are needed to study the history of another. He is therefore for wiping away all the senseless and artificial barriers which the tradition of a time that has passed away has set up to hinder the intelligent study of the history of man. As one who has himself studied history as a whole, who has shown himself equally at home among the Claudian and among the Austrian Caesars, Mr. Ward stood up to ask that his University should cast away shallow and unworthy prejudice, that it should break down the silly barriers of "ancient" and "modern," and should set up a School of History, and not any such mockery of it as a School of "Modern" History. The wonderful thing is that Mr. Ward seems to have got the University of Cambridge to listen to him at once. A Syndicate was appointed last May to consider what alterations should be made in the Law and History Tripos, and we have now before us the Report of that Syndicate, which recommends, not only that the Schools of Law and History shall be separated, as they have just been at Oxford, but that the School of History shall really be a School of History. The opening words of that part of their Report with which we are concerned put the whole matter in its true light:—

The Syndicate consider that History, as the subject of an independent

Tripes, requires to be placed on a wider basis than its subordinate position in other Triposes has hitherto allowed; and believe that in this manner its efficacy in education may best be secured. They propose therefore that Ancient and Medieval History should have their due place in the Tripos, as well as Modern History, so that History may be placed before the Student as a whole.

They go on to recommend

That in this Examination one paper at least shall be allotted to each of the following subjects:—

1. English History.
 2. A special subject belonging to Ancient History.
 3. A special subject belonging to Mediæval History.
 4. A special subject belonging to Modern History.
- (Either (3) or (4) to be always taken from English History. In subjects (3), (1), and (4) some knowledge of the chief original sources will be expected).

All this is just as it should be. So is the proposal that while professional Law is rightly sent away to its own place in a School of its own, the historical aspect of Law, Constitutional Law, and the Principles of General Jurisprudence are to find their place in the Historical Tripos. There are a number of technical details which we need not examine, and which of course may be considered and modified before the scheme becomes a statute of the University. But all the main principles for which real historical students have so long striven are here fully acknowledged. The success is something wonderful. The doctrine which Mr. Ward has preached at Cambridge, and which the Syndicate has now adopted, is the same doctrine which has for more than twenty years been preached at Oxford with much the same success as the doctrine which the charmer of the Psalmist preached to the deaf adder. Cambridge, in short, if the report of the Syndicate be adopted, will show that she looks upon the history of Oxford in this matter, not as the pattern to follow, but as the horrid example to avoid. Perhaps, however, the whole thing is only an instance of the law that nobody is so foolish as he who is wise before the time. Some day or other the reform which seems likely to be made at Cambridge will be made at Oxford also, and then those who make it will pride themselves on their new and brilliant discovery, and will forget that the discovery was made, but only to be mocked at, a generation before.

The doctrine of the Unity of History, the doctrine which, as far as we know, Arnold was the first to put forth, and of which Mr. Ward and the Cambridge Syndicate have now appeared as the latest champions, is one which has to fight a very hard battle, because it runs counter to so many different kinds of prejudices on so many different sides. Take, for instance, the fate of the solitary and forlorn attempts which have been ever and anon made at Oxford to do what it is now proposed to do at Cambridge—to establish a real School of History, to break down unnatural barriers, and to take up Thucydides and Tacitus, Procopius and Cassiodorus, Lambert of Herfeld and Matthew Paris, as parts of one study, to be mastered by the use of one method, and to be taken up in one School of examination. Proposals of this kind have for the last twenty years or more been met with equal scorn from enemies of very different kinds. The scorn was equal because the ignorance was equal, and yet both scorn and ignorance took widely different forms. There were the comfortable, easy-going Heads and other dignitaries of the old school. By the help of a little schoolboy learning they had raised themselves, in the reported words of one of the most famous of their number, to "places of very considerable emolument" from which they could "look down with contempt on their inferiors." Who were the pestilent youngsters who were troubling the world with schemes for making men learn things which they had themselves got on so well without learning? Then there were men who were real scholars within a certain narrow field, so far as men who willfully confine themselves to a narrow field can be called real scholars. There were men who really knew something of the languages and the history of one or two arbitrarily chosen nations during a few arbitrarily chosen centuries, but who had never thought of the relations which those nations and their languages bear to other kindred nations and languages in the general history of man. Men who thus shut up learning and scholarship within so narrow a range might really be honestly shocked at the notion of setting up the study of other ages, nations, and languages—of ages, nations, and languages which they had learned to look upon as barbarous—side by side with the sacred pair which alone could claim admission within the magic circle. And their horror might well be deeper still when they were called on, not only to set up other studies alongside of their own on equal terms, but to accept those studies as absolutely the same with their own, as being alike parts of one greater whole, either part of which was lame and imperfect without its fellow. Then, besides the two types of conservatism, there was the class of eager and shallow reformers, the men who wanted some new thing, but did not know exactly what new thing they wanted—the men who thought it would be less trouble to keep the old studies as they were, and to set up the new as a separate thing beside them, than to go through the painful exercise of thought which was needed to put the new and the old in their true and harmonious relation to one another. In the days of the Crusades there were those who taught that the Holy War was a new and happy invention whereby men might win the promises of the Gospel without the painful practice of its virtues; so now there were those who taught that a School of Modern History was a new and happy invention whereby the rich and idle might find their way to the honours of the Class List without the painful discipline of thought and study

which were needed in the elder Schools. These were the men who would fain bring in Modern History as an "easy" study, a study which needed no searching into original authorities, no mastery of obsolete or foreign tongues, but which might be got up by a few months' pleasant turning over the pages of three or four modern text-books. When men like these were told of a school in which Thucydides and Lambert should stand side by side, they turned away with the scorn of men who had never heard of Lambert, but who knew enough of Thucydides to know that in an easy School he could have no place. These were the men who decreed that from their easy School the first six centuries of English history should be shut out, and who, when pressed for their reason, gave the reason of men who had never heard of the English Chronicles—that for those centuries no text-books could be found. The School which was called into being on such theories as these has flourished far better than could have been looked for, because successive Examiners have done their best to soften the vices which are inherent in its origin. But those vices can never wholly be got rid of until, instead of a School of Modern History, we have a School of History, until what Arnold spoke of as "what is falsely called ancient history, the really modern history of Greece and Rome," is brought back to its natural companionship with the history of other ages, and set free from its unnatural union with the Objective and the Unconditioned.

Against all these various classes of enemies the doctrine which is set forth in Mr. Ward's pamphlet and in the Report of the Syndicate has had to fight at Oxford. At Cambridge it seems to have better luck; for it is a great step for it to have got into the Report of a Syndicate; no Oxford Delegacy has ever reported in favour of the kind. But both Mr. Ward's scheme and the scheme of the Syndicate are as yet merely schemes. Of the particular proposals put forth in both some are naturally of a purely technical kind, and do not present much interest, except to those who are familiar with the working in detail of the Cambridge system of examinations. But the main proposals of both do indeed go to the root of the matter. From the History School as sketched either by Mr. Ward or by the Syndicate all unnatural barriers and divisions are swept away. "Ancient," "mediæval," "modern," are dealt with as divisions which have no existence, further than as it may be needful to take care that no one part of history should be so exclusively studied as to shut out the others. By Mr. Ward indeed the names are used under a sort of implied protest, something like the way in which the names of the three British kingdoms have been used in public documents since the Union. As we talk in Acts of Parliament of "that part of the United Kingdom called England," "Scotland," or "Ireland," so Mr. Ward speaks of "history of the period called ancient," "mediæval," or "modern." Neither he nor the Syndicate will have anything to say to it, except to secure that papers shall be set in all three. Mr. Ward's scheme and that of the Syndicate do not seem to be exactly the same with regard to subjects and periods, but this is matter of detail which those who have finally to settle the matter may be left to consider. In Mr. Ward's scheme at any rate the highest branch of the examination would be of the most thorough kind. Mr. Ward proposes that each candidate for honours should take up both a subject and a period, each to be chosen by himself from a list to be put out by the Board of Studies. These subjects and periods are to be thoroughly mastered in the original authorities in their own tongues. Mr. Ward here cuts right in the teeth of one very common form of ignorant prejudice on the subject. Nothing frightened both the conservative party and the shallow party at Oxford so much as the first admission of original authorities in their own tongues. It was such a monstrous thing to expect anybody to know anything of French, Italian, or German. It was such a monstrous thing to expect the rich and idle men for whom an easy school had been invented, to know anything of Latin or Greek. Mr. Ward points out the difference, one which people of either of these kinds did not understand, between an examination in a language and an examination in a book written in that language. The candidate should be able to show that he has really read his book in the original and not in a crib. He should show that he understands such technical uses of words and names as concern his subject; but the grammatical niceties which might arise in an examination in the same book in a School of Language would be quite out of place in an examination in a School of History. The knowledge which is needful to enable a man to make good use of a history written in a particular language is a very different thing from such a knowledge of the same language as would be needed in an examination for an Ireland scholarship or a Classical Tripos. A School of History will rightly demand the former; with the latter it has nothing to do. The direct and minute knowledge of language must be tested, not in the School of History, but in the School of Language. We say in the School of Language, because when we have got rid of the antiquated narrowness which is implied in the distinction between "ancient" and "modern" History, we must get rid also of such a kindred piece of antiquated narrowness as a school of "classical" languages only. On this matter we will let Mr. Ward speak for himself:—

It seems to follow as a matter of course, that while in the preliminary part of the Examination no question should be asked implying a reference to original authorities, or knowledge of other languages besides the English, whether "ancient" or "modern," in the case of the substantial portion a careful reference to original authorities should be regarded as an indispensable element in the preparation of the Candidate. According to the

period and subject selected by him, it will therefore be necessary for him to have acquired such a knowledge of "ancient" or "modern" languages as will suffice for his purposes as a Historical student. But these acquirements will only be incidentally tested; not made the subject of any part of the Examination; and questions of an essentially philological or linguistic character will be as a matter of principle avoided by the Examiners.

It is, we believe, argued against the proposed scheme that something more is wanted for a degree than only to pass the Cambridge Previous Examination and such an examination as is now proposed. With this question we have nothing to do. We speak of the proposed History Tripos simply as a School of History, and we hold that, if well worked in its details, it will be a thoroughly good School of History. Its relations to other Cambridge Examinations are not to the purpose. It might or might not be a good thing to strengthen the Previous Examination, or to bring in something like the Oxford Moderations. Such questions are not now to the point. We speak of the proposed History School simply as a History School, and in that character it has our best wishes.

THE WEATHER AND ITS FRIENDS.

WE should think the Archbishop of Canterbury must have been rather taken aback by the reception which his letter about the weather has met with in various quarters. For the stale witticisms of the scoffers he was probably prepared; but it could hardly have occurred to him that the bad weather about which everybody has been grumbling and groaning should command such ardent and enthusiastic championship. The incident suggests an obvious moral, and shapes itself almost naturally into the form of an apologue. Once upon a time—it is difficult to persuade ourselves that somewhere or other we have not read something like this before—once upon a time there was a good Archbishop who, hearing everybody complaining of the weather and abusing it, proposed that pious men should pray for a change; which he had no sooner done than instantly a great many people began to cry out that there never was nicer or more wholesome weather since the world began, and that it was a pity it should not last for ever. It has already been discovered that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and it may now be said that it must be very bad weather indeed which does not please somebody. For the last month and more we have had almost incessant rain, great tracts of country have been covered with water, and in some parts the inhabitants have had to confine themselves to the upper stories of their dwellings, with every prospect, if the floods continue, of having to seek refuge on the roofs. A vast amount of property has been destroyed by inundations, communications have been interrupted, and all kinds of agricultural work have been greatly impeded, if not absolutely suspended. The last harvest was a bad one, and there is reason to fear that the next may be worse. In town, life has been passed literally in a Slough of Despond. The resources of civilization in the richest city in the world are apparently unequal to the superhuman task of keeping the streets decently clean in wet weather, and for days and weeks the inhabitants have had to struggle piteously through a sea of filthy mud. Ordinary people, accustomed to think more of their own immediate comfort than of next year's crops, have certainly found the ceaseless rain sufficiently unpleasant and depressing; and the Archbishop may be excused for imagining that a little fine weather would probably be welcomed as an agreeable change. This is one side of the picture; but it is as well that we should see the other side too. Mr. Bailey Denton, for example, instead of feeling aggrieved at the excessive rainfall, glories in it, and is only sorry that it is not a great deal more abundant. He calculates that in a single month of this last autumn sufficient rain fell on the surface of England and Wales to furnish the whole population with water at the rate of thirty gallons a head for eighteen years. Mr. Denton is known to be an enthusiast for water, but the people whose land has for the present been drowned out of sight, all but the tops of the trees, and who have been nearly washed away themselves, might possibly prefer, as a matter of choice, to receive their allowance of water in more moderate instalments. Mr. Denton is not satisfied even yet. With him a gallon in the well is worth two in the clouds, and he seems to think it necessary to provide for the contingency of our never having any rain again. We have had a drought already; and now we are having compensation in a copious rainfall, and there is no reason to suppose that alternations of dry and wet seasons will not continue to the end of time. It may be well to be thankful for rain without wishing that it should rain for ever. Mr. Denton adopts a more popular line of argument when he points to the statistics of public health as showing the sanitary advantages of the kind of weather we have lately been experiencing. As a matter of fact, the health of the population has certainly been better than usual. The Registrar-General's returns for the past week fully confirm all that has been said on this part of the subject. During the last thirteen weeks there has been a reduction of twenty-two per cent. in the mortality of London; in other words, some five thousand lives have been saved which, according to ordinary experience, would have been sacrificed if the weather had not been so unusually mild. To people of middle age the cold makes little difference; but a sharp frost mows down children and old persons like a volley of musketry. The rain has been beneficial in two ways. It has brought with it a mild temperature, very favourable to the young, the aged, and the sickly, and it has also washed the air and

diluted the noxious impurities of the water we drink. For the present the old saying that a green Yule makes a fat churchyard would certainly seem to be contradicted; but it may possibly be found that the famine or relapsing fever which has just broken out in London may not be altogether unconnected with the close, damp, and depressing weather of the last month or two. And besides we may find that the ice and snow have only been postponed, not averted.

One of the correspondents of the *Times* who have attacked the Archbishop of Canterbury for his letter to the clergy observes contemptuously that the prayer which His Grace recommends was written when men were so ignorant as to suppose that rain was a mere watering-pot contrivance adapted to local wants, and that there could be rain in one parish without reference to the state of the atmosphere in the next. It may be observed that the Liturgy does not profess to be a manual of scientific information compiled by man for the guidance of his Maker; and all that the Prayer for Fair Weather asks is that God will send "such weather as that we may receive the fruits of the earth in due season," without prescribing the manner in which this result is to be produced. Prayers which are based on an assumption of the perfect wisdom as well as omnipotence of the Deity naturally imply trustful acquiescence in whatever physical laws He may have appointed. It would appear, however, that people are unfortunately apt to forget that there are others besides themselves in the world, and that everything cannot be arranged exactly to suit their personal convenience at each particular moment. The sort of weather which is one man's misery may be another man's happiness; and a *plébiscite* with a view to ascertain the most popular degrees of temperature would certainly yield some curious results. It may be doubted whether an absolute majority would be obtained for any one kind of climate. Everybody has his own private taste on this subject, and thinks that what happens to suit him must necessarily be best for other people. The gentleman who wrote to the *Times* to glorify the strawberry bed which had supplied him with ripe fruit for his Christmas dinner, from his own garden, no doubt regarded this remarkable achievement as an ample justification for any departure from the usual climatic conditions of the season. Another correspondent expressed his amazement that the Archbishop of Canterbury should be so perverse and unfeeling as to suggest prayers directed against the nice mild weather which has been so favourable to his invalid son, and has rendered a voyage to Madeira unnecessary. Against the dish of winter strawberries may be set the possible loss of the wheat crop, and our taste of the climate of Madeira, however acceptable to consumptive patients, has not been without its drawbacks to other people. If five thousand lives have been saved in England, a great many have been lost in Italy, and it is impossible not to connect the inundations in Southern Europe with the warm humid atmosphere of our own country during the last few weeks. A man would perhaps hesitate to pray for the drowning of Italian peasants, but a prayer that England might for one winter enjoy a foreign climate is perhaps only the same thing looked at from the other side. It may be assumed that meteorology is as yet only in its infancy, and there is no reason to suppose that our knowledge of the variations of the winds and clouds may not some day be reduced to the same scientific precision as our knowledge of the course of the tides or the process of the planets. In the meantime enough is known to show the connexion of meteorological phenomena throughout the world, and to remove the rain-clouds from the sphere of parish politics. Perhaps the most satisfactory frame of mind to cultivate in regard to the weather is to take it as it comes, and try to make the best of it. It is said of Mary Garth in *Middlemarch* that, having early observed that life was not shaped to suit her convenience, she had accordingly made up her mind not to expect it, and wasted no time in astonishment or annoyance at the fact. It is comforting to know that there is so much to be said in favour of the late bad weather, and that if it has made many persons miserable, it has also made others happy. We would merely observe that the people who like it need not lose their temper with people who do not. They have had a very fair innings, and for our own part we should certainly not be disposed to object to a little dry weather if only for the sake of a change.

Archbishop Tait may possibly now have recovered from his surprise that the clergy should hesitate about meddling with the weather. Congregations which are all of one mind about the weather may of course do as they please, but a clergyman who desires to have a quiet life will perhaps do well to sound his parishioners as to their private feelings on the subject before he commits himself to a definite line of policy in regard to the elements. Nor should he neglect to take counsel with the clergymen of adjoining parishes. It is not desirable that the weather should be made an additional cause of strife between High Church and Low Church, Ritualists and Evangelicals. As for the Nonconformists it is to be feared that, in their present temper, they would be sure to side on this, as on every other question, against the Church, and to protest against fine weather being thrust down their throats, whether they liked it or not, at the dictation of an Archbishop. If the Church went in for fair weather, the Dissenters would have no alternative but to pray for rain. Indeed we rather wonder that the Liberation Society has not already sounded a note of alarm. It is quite conceivable that, armed with the Registrar-General's figures, the Dissenters might be able to make a strong appeal to the prejudices of town populations. The rain, it would be urged,

was handsomely washing out the towns without adding to the rates, and it would be monstrous that the health of the people in the great centres of industry should be sacrificed in order to add to the gains of grasping landowners and farmers. Asthmatic and consumptive people would probably be won over to this side without much difficulty; and the prayers for dry weather would be represented as a conspiracy between the Church and the agricultural classes against the public health. On the eve of a general election a good deal of capital might be got out of this cry by judicious agitation; and Mr. Miall and his friends might be trusted to make the most of a new grievance. The clergy would perhaps find themselves on safer ground if, without espousing the cause of any particular kind of weather, they contented themselves with persuading their parishioners to accommodate themselves as cheerfully as possible to all variations of climate, and to study how to make the best of them, rather than to desire that the weather should be altered at every turn to suit their own fancies as to what would be best for their private interests. Mr. Bailey Denton has no sympathy for farmers who yield to the delusion that it is possible for them to have too much water. If fields are inundated, that is only, he holds, because they have not been properly drained. By under-drainage and proper surface cultivation, with ordinary discretion in the selection of time for tillage operations, much of the wheat now in jeopardy might, we are assured, have been safely planted. Mr. Denton is an enthusiast about drainage and the storage of water, and he probably does not do justice to the difficulties with which the farmers have to contend. But his remark is a practical one, and as wet seasons are not unknown in this country, and may be expected to recur, it would perhaps be worth while for the farmers to consider whether an excessive rainfall cannot be turned to good account, instead of trusting too much to having the weather adjusted to local convenience or caprice.

POLITICAL CANDIDATES.

NO general election is likely to bear any comparison in the number of contests to which it has given rise with the one which, in spite of any statements to the contrary, constituencies insist upon believing is to take place in the autumn of next year. In counties and in boroughs one or two candidates, if not more, are already visible against the horizon. Every moment their forms are becoming more and more distinct, suggesting disagreeable doubts to the minds of the sitting members with regard to their security of tenure. In the midst of all these preparations one feature is remarkable. The country gentleman has to a great extent withdrawn himself from active participation in politics, which may be accounted for by several circumstances. Constituencies demand far more attention than in former times; political duties leave so little leisure for country pursuits and sports, the amount of labour is so great which is required to make a man popular who does not provide amusements for his fellow-creatures, or to enable him to retain a seat when won, that he is apt to hesitate before he enters upon a course which will entirely alter his mode of life. If his income is only a moderate one, the expenses will appear formidable; it is no pleasant matter to spend fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds out of his income when he has five or six children to educate, and a good many sets of farm-buildings out of repair. The expenditure of such a sum as this is hardly felt by the successful trader or coal proprietor whose enormous profits have just enabled him to give forty-five years' purchase for a landed estate in the county. Men of this stamp raise the standard, and make the way very difficult for those of moderate incomes to follow. The constituency, too, becomes demoralized, and looks upon the size of a subscription as the best measure of Parliamentary ability. These causes operate equally in the case of both Conservatives and Liberals, and explain the curious state of the representation of certain small towns. If the country gentleman is a Liberal, another influence is at work in preventing him from taking a keen personal interest in what is going on. He has got to the end of his Whiggism. The old hereditary antagonism to the Conservatives may still exist, and induce him to vote with his party; but enthusiasm is out of the question when he does not know what may be the fruit of another year's legislation, what additional burdens may be placed upon his property, what new relations may exist between his tenants and himself, and what the position of his brother, the parson of the parish, will be when the Church has been disestablished. His creed is virtually dead, and there is no candidate representing his views to contest either his county or his borough. His support, therefore, is but a very lukewarm one to the man who has come from the clouds, from whom he is repelled by his social instincts, and whose professions he is inclined to distrust. Even the local ironmaster, whose position is satisfactorily evinced by groups of active chimneys, and who has just left the red-brick house with green railings in the centre of the town for a more ambitious residence, does not appear to him unexceptionable as a future legislator.

When the successful trader allows himself to be put in nomination we should like to know what are his real springs of action, and what it is that enables him at the mature age of fifty to go through even the preliminary stages of a contest. Is he aware of the extent of his labours? To arrive at the desired goal involves incessant toil in these

days. Canvassing, instead of being limited to one or two months before an election, becomes for years just as much a part of the routine of daily life as eating and sleeping. The candidate's normal occupation is that of subscribing to the borough charities. Is there a widow who has lost a cow or pig, and, in defiance of all the rules of political economy, insists upon investing the proceeds of her begging in another perishable animal? Does a Bethesda require new stoves, or the parish church a fresh peal of bells? Is the local breed of horses to be encouraged by the donation of a candidate's cup? Is there some orphan in need of a mother, or shall a teapot be presented to the postmaster's wife or the outgoing curate? In all these cases the candidate is the person to apply to, and is generally not sought after in vain. He must take the chair on all occasions, and his time must be at the disposal of the constituency; he has no excuse for absence, and the borough thus secures the services of a representative in town and a representative in the country. Gradually, as the Parliament increases in age, and the hopes of his supporters and retainers become stronger, the allusions to his candidature are clearer and clearer, until the auspicious moment has arrived when, in obedience to the highest motives and the dictates of his conscience, which forbids him to hide his light any longer under a bushel, he emerges into the glare of public life, and announces his intention of coming forward to contest the borough on the first vacancy that may occur. He has already spent as much money as would have bought a seat under the old régime, and still he is only a candidate. Let him consider what he will have to endure, and, warned in time, seek the shelter of his green railings again. If he is a Liberal, he has the agreeable task before him of endeavouring to unite the sections of heterogeneous opinions which exist in the borough. Politics produce as many quarrels as the relations of father to son. There is always a large body of gentlemen who have voted at the previous election solely from a vague idea that something was to be done for them, and who vent their dissatisfaction by changing their colour on the next opportunity. One mainstay of the party has quarrelled about the registration, the expenses of which have of course been borne by the candidate; one gentleman was promised a seat on the Commission of the Peace, another a clerkship, but the Lord-Lieutenant was obdurate, and the clerkship has been given to some one else. The candidate must pacify them all, sympathize, implore, promise, and cajole. Every expression of opinion must be treated with deference in Lagado. One Liberal is extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, another is milking a ram, while a third is holding the pail (to borrow a metaphor from Addison), and the candidate must show his interest, if not join personally in the work. He must "be brave and vow reformation; must promise that there shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; and that the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops." He must reconcile impossibilities, conciliate the licensing interest and the teetotallers, obtain the support of the Church, and yet not offend the Nonconformists. One Conservative is quite enough to represent all shades of Conservative opinion, and may count upon the undivided support of the whole party; the Liberal, on the other hand, can never be sure that competitor after competitor will not start upon the scene.

Just as he imagines that his difficulties are over, the working-men's candidate comes down to show the constituency how easy it is to have the most advanced opinions when the thinker has nothing to lose. He has hardly disappeared when the representative of what the writer in the *Quarterly* calls "the venomous clique of Academical Radicals," makes his appearance to complicate matters still further. The exponent of venom speaks of politics as a science, of government as a study, of the faint analogy which exists between the smelting of iron and the fashioning of the minds of men—an observation which, after the contest is over, and Lagado perhaps disfranchised, the ironmaster will perceive to be personal. The Ballot ought to have made house to house canvassing impossible (for there can be no more ludicrous anomaly than to ask a man in private how he is going to vote, and yet punish him for declaring it in public); but ten days before the nomination he will find that his opponent has visited every elector; so, bullied by his agents, will endeavour to do the same. Up and down the narrow alleys and courts he will hurry; now stopping under the lamp to make out the blurred figures in his canvass-book, and wondering how a human being can be so difficult to find. Hodge is a quadruple entry, in each case distinguished by a different Christian name, and for a long time baffles the researches of agent and of principal. When this free and independent elector is discovered he is in bed, and cannot be expected when awakened from his first sleep to take a lively interest in the problem of local taxation. So the canvass is postponed, and as there is only one hour in the day when Hodge is at home, the probability of ascertaining his political convictions becomes very problematical. The candidate passes up another dark passage in despair; it is true that he has a carriage, but he might just as well have taken it out when shooting over turnip fields. He has spent thousands of pounds in indirect bribery, but when he is taken into the coal-hole by the wife of the cottager and asked in the simplest manner what he is prepared to give her, he beats a nervous retreat, half believing that he has brought himself under the provisions of the Act. He next looks into an influential beer-house, where a gentleman on the settle by the fire, in an advanced stage of political fervour and intoxication, is enunciating his opinion that the candidate "will not go." This position he defends in spite of the entrance of the can-

didate, who, though he stimulates the consumption of beer, loses half an hour in the discussion of the last municipal struggle. If these private appearances entail discomfort, his public attempts will ensure misery. We recommend to his attention Mr. Brooke's address to the electors of Middlemarch. Each successive speech will only recall the miseries of the first, with the same interpellations, inconsequent questions, and personal allusions. He will not have the same moral support that his antagonist secures. The Conservative squires look upon an election as a saturnalia, during which their natural exclusiveness is in abeyance. Like flies in amber, the dirtiest of voters, not to return until the following day to the Sabine farm, are seen grinning from the huge family coaches which have been dragged into the service. Horace throws his arms round drunken Davus, and leads him to the national school.

The question naturally suggests itself, With what object has all this inconvenience been undergone? It is not ambition, or the desire of participating in the government of the country, though our candidate's ignorance of the English language would no more unfit him for that duty than for the head-mastership of a public school. It is certainly not the desire of benefitting his fellow-creatures; nor, again, is it the hope of a higher self-culture that actuates him. Even if art and literature have been more than mere names to him, he will have far less time than before to employ in the cultivation of literary or æsthetic tastes; and though he may be a shrewd man of business—the difficulty in the manufacture of which is very much overrated—he will find himself an unimportant item in the machinery of State. Before the first Reform Bill, a member of Parliament had perhaps the opportunities of belonging to a different class of society from his own, as the natural result of his Parliamentary honours; but this can be no longer predicated with regard to him. The only social pre-eminence that he can expect is among his own friends, and unless he possesses some special qualifications to fit him for more refined or educated society, he will not attain to it. In London his position is little changed, and whether he be a Liberal or Conservative, he will only have the entry of three, or possibly four, large houses, into which he will walk arm-in-arm with his wife during political receptions. Parliamentary custom once required that every city and borough should elect none but members of their own community, and though we do not regret that this custom should have fallen into disuse, the supply of modern political vagrants or carpet-baggers is far above the demand. Of no honour in his own county, the vagrant with two thousand pounds in his pocket starts on a tour to see what constituency he can relieve "from the thralldom to which it has been subjected," and implores them to shake off their yoke. Great havoc was made of this class in 1868, for the farmers did not understand what "yoke" meant, and stared in bucolic astonishment at their liberators. The agricultural mind looks upon its representative as first bound to represent it in the county, to give away the prizes at shows, and attend the infirmity balls. The House of Commons is all very well in its way, but the primary duty of a member is to have something pleasant to say, and to answer promptly letters upon local business. This was a state of things the vagrant could not understand; no previous knowledge enabled him to deal with it, and he left the constituency when defeated almost inclined to believe that the British farmer has no settled views upon abstract subjects, and will often seem to prefer his own interest to that of any one else. Sometimes he is successful, and a happy accident will put him into possession of a seat. His path is not, however, strewn with roses; of a sanguine and childlike disposition, he believes that the question of representation merely involves the announcement of political opinions, and that the faithful discharge of a delegate's duties is sufficient to ensure unanimity and prevent opposition. Why, indeed, should not everybody rest contented? He can say with truth that he has never thought for himself; on all points he has consulted his agents and constituents, and has gone down in the middle of the Session to explain his conduct. The pressure of a few violent men will induce him to pledge his vacillating mind to the support of any line of policy, until at last his Communism only stops short of Tom Paine's recommendations in not suggesting a donation of 20s. each for 50,000 births, and the same sum for 20,000 marriages. The country gentleman looks upon him as the Blatant Beast in the *Fairy Queen*, or would do so if he were familiar with that poem:—

Through all estates he found that he had past
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the clergy now was come at last.

But no Calidore is required to subdue him; the strings which have been pulled so often to open his eyes or to shut them, as the case may be, have disordered the whole of his constitution. At last the pull is on some occasion too violent, and is followed by the collapse, not the resistance, of the patient. The brain has run out, and political life is a retrospect, to be contemplated with regret by himself alone, for nothing can be conceived more lowering to a high standard of political morality than that it should be necessary after the formation of every independent opinion to deprecate the antagonism of individuals or of sections.

CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.

THIS is supposed to be an age of progress, and any one who ventures to hint that the progress is not altogether in the most desirable direction must expect, we suppose, to be ridiculed and denounced as old-fashioned and reactionary. If there is one kind of progress more than another on which we pride ourselves, it is our social progress. No opportunity is lost of comparing ourselves with our benighted grandfathers or great-grandfathers, and congratulating ourselves on our delicacy and refinement of manners as compared, or rather contrasted, with the manners of the Regency or of George III.'s time. Drunkenness, for example—how often do we hear this said!—has descended quite to the lowest classes. No gentleman gets drunk now, and even in the lowest class drunkenness is beginning to be considered discreditable. We should rather question the second of these assertions, but the first is no doubt true enough. Gentlemen certainly do not get drunk nowadays—that is, drunk in the old sense of the term. They do not sit long after dinner, and they are always fit to join the ladies. Four-bottle men have gone the way of the dodo and the pterodactyl; and even two-bottle men—that is, men accustomed to drain their two bottles of wine at a sitting—are hardly to be met with. It is not considered necessary at a card party after dinner to pass a hat round, as in other days the cocked-hat went round, to assist the confused eyesight of the company in discovering the last dealer; and even in old Scotch houses a boy "to lowse the neck-cloths" has ceased to be retained on the establishment. Drinking bouts are out of fashion. The consumption of wine at bachelors' parties does not, as a rule, much exceed that at a dinner party at which ladies are present. Even in crack regiments which used to pride themselves on what they could go through in the way of hard drinking, the amount of wine now taken at dinner would, in the eyes of a toper of the Regency, be regarded as the portion of an ascetic, barely enough to moisten the throat. And then, after dinner, there are no wild "finishes." There can be no question, we should say, that gentlemen are nowadays more sober in their bearing than they used to be; at least they do not drink so as to lose their heads or their legs. Admitting, however, that the scandal of open and unmistakable drunkenness has passed away from the upper and middle classes, we venture to doubt whether the drinking habits of the present time are in reality so much more sober or wholesome than those of the last or of the penultimate generation. It must not be forgotten that a man may be intoxicated without being drunk. Intoxication simply means poisoning, and the amount of slow poisoning which is constantly going on in this way is really very terrible to any one who knows the symptoms and who observes what is passing around him. Seventy or eighty years ago men habitually drank heavily after dinner, and it was certainly not an unusual thing to be carried drunk to bed. The carouse followed a substantial meal, and the toppers slept off their debauch. They spent a good deal of their time each day in the open air, and their work, whatever it was, did not involve close, sustained, exhausting application. It will be at once seen what an advantage they enjoyed in this respect over the men of our own day, who have comparatively little out-of-door exercise, and who have to bear the strain of intense, anxious work, and who, when they drink, drink in a way that gives the stomach no rest, and that keeps the nerves in a constantly excited state. Formerly the very grossness of the bacchanalian habits of the men revolted the women, and kept them to a great extent beyond the reach of temptation. But now ladies and gentlemen all live much more together, and the men drink so decorously and discreetly that the ladies fear no harm in following their example. But in this respect the capacity of the sexes is certainly not on an equality, as the prevalence of what are by courtesy called nervous disorders among women too painfully testifies.

We are quite ready to admit that decorum is in itself a good thing. The familiar spectacle of gentlemen speechless and staggering from the effects of heavy potations could not fail to have a degrading and brutalizing effect upon the society to which they belonged. It is morally an advance that men should be ashamed of being seen in this odious and filthy condition. But decorum may be in itself a snare, and it is well that the truth, however coarse, vulgar, and unpleasant it may be, should be faced. It must be remembered that the three-bottle and four-bottle men of other days were after all exceptional men, and a mere handful in the community, and that, although most men then thought little of getting drunk, this was with a great many an indulgence which they allowed themselves not habitually, but only on special occasions, and with intervals between. The main difference between the drinking habits of the last generation and of the present would seem to be, that formerly men, when they sat down to drink, drank more at a time, while now men drink moderately at a sitting, but in sips or "nips" drink a good deal during each day. Whether the modern habit is better than the old habit is a question which possesses only a speculative interest. The important thing is, that the modern habit should be recognized as vicious and unwholesome. We are aware that this is quite an old story now, and perhaps people may be tired of its repetition. Unfortunately the necessity for speaking of it does not appear to have diminished. About a year ago the doctors published a declaration respecting alcohol, insisting that, as a medicine, it ought to be prescribed with the same care and precision as any other powerful drug, and

pointing out that its value as an article of diet was immensely overrated. The document also recommended legislation with a view to confine the use of alcohol within proper limits, and to promote habits of temperance. For our own part, we should be disposed to rely much more confidently on the personal influence of the doctors themselves than on any kind of legislation. Something may be done by legislation to enforce order and decorum in the streets and in places of common resort, and to curtail the facilities for public drinking, but after all this is only making clean the outside of the platter. Most reasonable persons will admit that the Licensing Act goes about as far in this direction as is practicable, if indeed it does not rather overshoot the mark. It is just because we are convinced of the powerlessness of legislation, because we distrust all violent coercive measures, and have no faith in any reform which does not spring from voluntary restraints and an improved state of public opinion, that we feel bound once more, at the risk of wearisome iteration, to call attention to the subject. The Excise returns, the statistics of criminal offences, the warnings of the doctors, the feverishness and excitement of social life, the prevalence of nervous disorders, the crowded drinking bars, and the marked increase of the number of reeling drunkards in the streets, all point to the same conclusion. It is impossible to doubt the growing intemperance of the working classes. Personal observation on such a point may sometimes be misleading, but the same story comes from all parts of the country. As a rule, high wages seem to mean only more drinking; and drinking means wife-beating at home and fighting in the streets. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who objects to the stringency of the Licensing Act, appears to think it necessary to argue that the country is really very temperate and sober. We have as little liking for restrictive legislation as Mr. Harcourt, but we see no use in shutting our eyes to unpleasant facts. It is necessary to distinguish between the bigotry and fanaticism of the Teetotalers and the basis of truth which underlies their agitation. The evil which they denounce unhappily exists, and even their violent and distempered imaginations can hardly exaggerate its magnitude. It may be reasonable to resist the tyrannical measures which the total abstinents are anxious to impose upon the country, but it is idle to pretend that the country is in this respect in a satisfactory condition. It is scarcely a consolation to be told that the vast increase in the expenditure on intoxicating liquors is a proof of the prosperity of the nation. It is doubtful whether the present high rates of wages will be maintained; but, if they fall, the passion for stimulants which has already been developed will unfortunately remain. Anybody who reads the police reports will see the steady increase of cases of brutal assaults, especially on women, which may be traced to drinking. The present "genial" season has been appropriately celebrated—a woman supping with her husband and a friend suddenly flung out of window; a man stabbed by his wife, a wife by her husband, a girl by her sweetheart. "Thank God Christmas is over!" we heard a poor woman say the other day as she steadied her staggering husband up the steps of a railway station.

We are quite of one mind with the Bishop of Peterborough that, if it is necessary to choose, freedom is better than sobriety; but it is not impossible for people to be free and sober too. The criminal statistics compiled by the police show an increase of more than forty per cent. in the convictions for drunkenness before the magistrates in England and Wales in 1871 as compared with the average of the previous ten years. The Excise and Customs returns show a vast increase in the consumption of all kinds of drink, and especially of spirits. The country has been thriving, wages have been high, and the surplus earnings have been spent chiefly in liquor. These are not pleasant facts, and they hardly confirm those pretty theories of social progress of which we hear so much. But progress has been said to be like a wave which sometimes seems to retire even in the course of advancing, and this may perhaps be only one of the backward movements of social improvement. As far as we can see, there is nothing to be done in the matter except to direct attention to the facts, and leave them to make their impression on the public mind. It is reserved nowadays for the working-man to get drunk in the old way, "like a lord," but the other classes, though they bear themselves more discreetly, suffer for their potations in other ways. Brandy and soda, bitter ale, odd glasses of sherry, nips, and pegs, and drams, keep up a perpetual irritation and excitement which, added to the cares and worries of business and the fatigues of social life, wear out the nerves, and are apt to end in hysteria or paralysis. The doctors, who are aware of the spreading evil, might do much to check it, and their duty in the matter was certainly not exhausted by the signing of the declaration of a year ago. The lesson needs to be constantly and emphatically enforced. The evil should be probed to its root in neglect of sanitary and dietetic rules, and the forced pace of social and especially of business life. The attempt to get through ten hours' work in five or six explains in a great measure the craving for stimulants. People, though they have more holidays than they used to have, get less rest, and rest is what they want.

BALZAC'S EUGÉNIE GRANDET.

THE lives of women, and especially of young women, are often strangely separated from the life of the principal personage of the house they live in. There are houses, especially in small

country towns, where there is a remarkable difference of scale in the interests of the lives that are passed in them; where the father is occupied with vast pecuniary transactions, and the daughters are economizing shillings; where the father takes a share in considerable public concerns, and the daughters have the field of their activities limited to the garden and the Sunday school; where the father gets richer or poorer every day, and yet no one in the household knows anything of the fluctuations in his fortune, so regularly goes the round of the little household matters, so unflinching are the fixed supplies. This separation of interests—this exclusion of the women from the man's thoughts and anxieties, arising partly from true paternal kindness which desires to bear the burden of life as much as possible alone, partly from a well-grounded fear of the talkative indiscretion of young people, partly from an apprehension that, if they knew the full gains of a successful year, they might count too readily upon their permanence—is not rare in our own country, but it is still less rare in France. The French girl is educated on the principle that it is well, in her case, to prolong the ignorance and inexperience of her childhood to the very eve of marriage. She believes that "Papa is rich," or she is told that "Papa is not rich"; or, more frequently, she has no distinct idea on the subject, either one way or the other, but simply sees the smooth working of the house-machine, as ladies see steam-engines going steadily in some mysterious way without inquiring how much coal they burn, or whether the supplies are likely to be ample or insufficient. The wife knows these things in most cases pretty accurately, but the daughter hardly ever knows them till she is a married woman; perhaps even then her knowledge will be limited to the extent of her own dowry, until the old man dies, and his last will and testament reveals the secret of his affairs. In some exceptional cases the mother is treated with the same reserve, and is purposely kept in ignorance of the progress of an increasing fortune, lest her expenditure should hinder accumulation. The most perfect type of the money-maker deeply enjoys secrecy for itself; he feels as if his beloved treasure would be less securely his own if another knew the full extent of it. He likes the vague reputation for wealth, but he is intensely, even morbidly, anxious that the reputation should remain vague, and he dreads an approach to any accurate publicity.

Monsieur Grandet, father of Eugénie Grandet, was an *avare* of this perfect type. Living in the quiet town of Saumur on the Loire, he had passed successively through the trades of cooper, little wine-merchant, large wine-merchant, proprietor of vineyards, money-lender, speculator in estates, till finally in his old age he was a great financial power in his own neighbourhood, and still preserved the frugal habits of earlier years, living in a dismal old house—and old houses can be fearfully dismal in those ancient towns—with his wife and daughter and a single maid-servant, a tall, strong, ugly, devotedly faithful and simple-hearted creature, who worked all day long at man's work and woman's work, not being ornamental in the least, but useful to the utmost of a domestic's possible utility. Old Grandet was in little danger of seeing his riches diminish through the extravagance of women, for he himself gave out the daily supplies for the little household, knowing exactly how many lumps of sugar were used, and what they were used for, how much butter (and it was not much) went for the cookery, and whether to-day's dish might be eked out for to-morrow's necessities. Old Grandet had imposed tribute upon his tenants—not an uncommon custom in France even at the present day, and a relic of feudal usage—so that besides their rent they brought him regular supplies of provisions. They brought him fowls, and eggs, and vegetables, and fruit; he never went to the butcher, and to the grocer as little as might be. His fuel came from his own woods, his wine from his own vineyards, and he kept the key of the cellar. He knew the number of his pears, and gave out the rotten ones to be eaten, two or three at a time. All communications concerning household matters passed directly between old Grandet and the strong servant, *la grande Nanon*, whilst Madame Grandet and her daughter sat in the gloomy salon, by their accustomed window. Hardly any money passed through their hands. M. Grandet gave a few gold pieces occasionally, but always asked for them back again, one by one, under pretext that he had no change. Since his wife was so entirely excluded from the government of her own house, it is unnecessary to add that she was permitted to take no part in the administration of old Grandet's estates. He managed everything for himself, and he managed everything so well that his riches increased prodigiously.

At the ripe age of twenty-three Eugénie Grandet knew as much of the world as a young nun, and as much of money matters as a baby. The old man's reserved ways and frequent harshness had driven the two women to seek consolation in each other's affection, and that affection had come to be their whole life. Madame Grandet could not enlarge her daughter's mind beyond the narrow circle of her limited and sad experience, but the warmth of her tender maternal love did good to Eugénie's heart, and strengthened it with gentle nurture. A girl so educated was likely, if ever she loved a man, to love him with the greatest singleness and persistence. Having had no experience of variety in affection, she would probably concentrate all her strength of feeling in a single devoted attachment of which the good or evil effects would colour her whole life.

The monotony of the daily life in that gloomy old house at Saumur was broken in upon one evening by the arrival of a young gentleman from Paris, Monsieur Charles Grandet, aged twenty-

two, and a perfect dandy. Though nearly related to Eugénie, being her first cousin, this specimen of Parisian elegance had not yet shone upon the darkness of that provincial existence. The two brothers, his father and old Grandet, had not seen each other for many years. Each had pursued wealth in his own way, the provincial in provincial simplicity, the Parisian with the usual Parisian accompaniments of expenditure and risk. The young dandy, as the bearer of a certain missive for his uncle, had hoped, in the lightness of his heart, to live for a while in the country the true *vie de château*, to shoot in his uncle's forests, and pass the time in pleasantness, one of a hundred guests. Young Charles Grandet was completely ignorant of middle-class provincial life, and fell into it, as it were, from the clouds. He came resolved to conquer by the superiority of his metropolitan civilization:—

His idea was to make his appearance with the superiority of a young man of fashion, to throw all the neighbourhood into despair by his luxury, to make an epoch, to import the inventions of Parisian existence. He intended to pass more time at Saumur in brushing his fingers and studying his toilet than in Paris itself, where a dandy will sometimes affect a not ungraceful negligence. He had brought with him the prettiest hunting-costume, the prettiest gun, the prettiest hunting-knife, with the prettiest sheath in Paris. He had brought his collection of ingenious waistcoats; there were white ones and black ones, there were waistcoats coloured like beetles with golden reflections, others double-breasted, some with collars standing up, and others with collars turned down, some of them buttoning up to the neck with gold buttons. He had brought all the varieties of collars and cravats which were in fashion at that time. He had two dress-coats by Buisson, and the finest of linen. He had a pretty gold dressing-case, and a complete cargo of Parisian trifles.

This young gentleman arrived at his uncle's house in the perfect freshness of the most careful toilet, for, though just at the end of a long journey by diligence, he had taken care to avail himself of a rest at Tours by changing his costume and submitting his beautiful locks to the elaborate art of the coiffeur. A being so graceful as this Adonis had never entered that dingy old salon at Saumur. Eugénie Grandet looked upon him in wonder and admiration. Her mind became penetrated with the feeling that no care for him could be too attentive or too delicate. She made old Nanon commit unheard-of extravagances; she made her light a fire in the young gentleman's bedroom; she made her go to the grocer's to buy a candle for the guest superior to their tallow dips. She bought him sugar also, that he might drink *eau-sucrée* during the night, and thus be spared the possible inconveniences of thirst.

From that moment poor Eugénie Grandet's imagination was possessed and occupied by this Parisian charmer. But the next day gave her a more grave and serious interest in his destiny. That letter which he had brought to old Grandet from his father contained the announcement of a commercial disaster and of a fatal resolve. Being unable to meet his engagements, owing four millions of francs and being able to pay no more than one million, Grandet of Paris had resolved to escape from his shame by suicide. By the time his son reached Saumur this resolution had been carried into effect, and it remained only to the uncle to make the announcement to his nephew. In his view, the really serious misfortune was the bankruptcy and the consequent poverty which it entailed upon the youth. Charles Grandet, however, took his two misfortunes differently; he lamented his father with passionate tears, and bore the ruin with the lightness of youth and hope. What woman could have refused sympathy to a young man suddenly plunged into misfortunes so overwhelming, so terrible, and by him so unforeseen? Old Grandet's manner in making the announcement had not been tender, or even kind, but the two good ladies atoned for its hardness by the most affectionate and sincere sympathy. In the case of the younger one this sentiment rapidly gave place to one still more tender, and before old Grandet could in decency put his nephew out of the house, his only daughter and heiress had privately engaged herself to marry him.

The old man's idea was to pay his nephew's passage as far as Nantes, and embark him on some vessel bound for India, to perish or make his fortune as fate might decide. Balzac's picture of the brief space during which Charles and Eugénie remained together under the same roof is one of the most delicate and original in his writings. The mixture of womanly self-reliance in Eugénie's character with the hesitation of the most absolute inexperience in love affairs, the completeness with which at last she invested her happiness in the hope of her cousin's enduring affection and fortunate return, are painted with great care and the most finished detail. A girl in Eugénie's position, totally ignorant of men and men's ways, easily puts her trust and confidence in the first male creature that she loves. The gravity of character which a superior young woman acquires after twenty, when her life is dull and solitary and occupied in the discharge of monotonous duties, gives to her first love affair a seriousness beyond the evanescent attachments of children in their teens. In this case the seriousness of the attachment was on the female side considerably enhanced by the melancholy circumstances of the case. Charles had really loved his father, who, as is not uncommon with Frenchmen, had carefully cultivated a tender friendship with his boy. The sudden loss had been a cruel trial. Eugénie had heard the unfortunate young man moaning and lamenting throughout the sleepless night. With the simplicity of a character like hers, she had gone to his room alone and tried to comfort and console him. The hardness of her father's manner made this feminine kindness appear more

natural and more necessary, whilst her father's rigid closeness in money matters had induced her to offer her hoard of savings for the payment of the sea passage to India. Charles, on his part, had confided to his cousin's keeping some precious things that came to him from his mother, and which he desired to save from the double risks of travel and of poverty. In this way their love was associated with the most serious and sacred feelings, and it became to her like a part of her religion.

For several years after her cousin's departure Eugénie Grandet remained in sad fidelity, not receiving a single letter, but trying to account to herself for this silence by the reasons which faithful women invent for their own consolation. Her treasure consisted of the things which had belonged to Charles's mother, and which he had confided to her care. She watched over the precious deposit as if it were an abiding evidence of his continual love and trust. The secret that she had lent him money became known to old Grandet through a habit which he had of asking on his fête-day to look at his girl's money, which indeed was almost a numismatic collection, for it consisted of large and rare gold pieces of many countries and reigns. This is a way of hoarding not very uncommon in provincial France at the present day, when a man will sometimes make the resolution to put aside all the gold pieces above the value of twenty francs that happen to get into his purse. Grandet had given many pieces of this kind to Eugénie—twenty Portuguese coins each of which was worth 180 francs, five Genoese worth a hundred francs, and many other curious coins of different nations, worth in the aggregate about 250*l*. All these she had given to her cousin, and when the fête-day came round, and old Grandet according to his custom asked to see them, the young lady's position became trying in the extreme. For had not there been a clear understanding that this money, like the guinea which the Vicar of Wakefield gave to his daughters, was never to go out of her hands, either by way of spending or of donation? The scene on the fête-day, when the money was not forthcoming, is one of the most dramatic in Balzac. It ends by a discovery of the girl's secret, and, to punish her, the old man imprisons her in her own room on a diet of bread and water, happily varied in practice by the devotion of the servant-woman, who at great risk conveys to her more substantial aliments.

The old man's temper after this produces complete domestic misery. His wife, whose health has been declining for years, is unable to bear the wretched moral atmosphere she has to live in, the constant unkindness, the separation from her daughter, so she loses her remnant of strength and quickly passes away. Eugénie is now dreadfully isolated, having nobody to love her but old Nanon. Finally Grandet himself dies, and then Eugénie finds herself the possessor of an enormous fortune. Her real treasures, however, were the relics confided to her by Charles, which she kept religiously, looking at them every day. A woman in Eugénie's position, with her singleness and simplicity of character, easily comes to have a remarkable permanence of sentiment and of thought. She becomes almost like a pensive heroine fixed on canvas by some painter, who year after year seems to be thinking the same thing, and feeling the same tender yet subdued emotion. After seven years of patience, constantly filled with thoughts of Charles, and vague wonderings as to his return, Eugénie said one evening to the old servant Nanon, "What, Nanon, will he not write to me once in seven years?"

After his departure from Saumur, the young gentleman had been successful in his first speculation, and, having inherited the commercial skill which existed in his family, continued to increase his little capital till he was able to undertake operations on a larger scale. Extremely active in business, he devoted himself to it body and soul, being possessed with the idea of reappearing one day at Paris in all the opulence of his luxurious youth. At first he had really treasured the remembrance of Eugénie, but a life of unrestrained immorality speedily obliterated it. Finally he returned with a considerable fortune, and in the same ship had for fellow-passengers the family of a nobleman who had a position at the Court of Charles X. This nobleman's wife thought him worth fishing for as a son-in-law, and caught him by the prospect of a brilliant social position, since, by an arrangement which would certainly receive the royal sanction, he might take the name and arms of D'Aubrión, and ultimately succeed to the marquisate. A month after his arrival in Paris, being still in ignorance of Eugénie's wealth, he wrote to her a cousinly, but not at all lover-like letter, enclosing a check for 8,000 francs in payment for the sum she had lent him, capital and interest, and announcing his marriage with Madlle. d'Aubrión, adding a few observations on the folly of love-marriages, and the necessity for considering the social position of his children.

So ended poor Eugénie's dream of seven years. Charles is punished by learning, too late, the extent of her enormous fortune. She adds a little to his punishment by paying what remains due to his father's creditors. Afterwards, persuaded by her religious adviser, she marries a magistrate capable of attending to her affairs, but her life is a broken life:—

Elle fut veuve à trente-six ans, riche de huit cent mille livres de rente, encore belle, mais comme une femme est belle à près de quarante ans. Son visage est blanc, reposé, calme. Sa voix est douce et recueillie, ses manières sont simples. Elle a toutes les noblesses de la douleur, la sainteté d'une personne qui n'a pas souillé son âme au contact du monde, mais aussi la raideur de la vieille fille et les habitudes mesquines que donne l'existence étroite de la province. Malgré ses huit cent mille livres de rente, elle vit comme avait vécu la pauvre Eugénie Grandet, n'allume le feu de sa chambre qu'aux jours où jadis son père lui permettait d'allumer le foyer de

la salle, et l'éteint conformément au programme en vigueur dans ses jeunes années. Elle est toujours vêtue comme l'était sa mère. La maison de Saumur, maison sans soleil, sans chaleur, sans cesse ombragée, mélancolique, est l'image de sa vie.

CRIME IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

A LENGTHY communication from Chicago which appeared in last Saturday's *Times* gives a gloomy picture of the insecurity of life in the Union. We are informed that five is believed to be the daily average of murders, while retributive justice follows on crime as slowly and almost as uncertainly as in Italy; that, judging from the difficulty of obtaining convictions, the sympathies of the juries seem often to be with the criminals; and that each State Governor possesses the prerogative of pardon, and is by no means chary in exercising it. We have no doubt that the American writer does not exaggerate in the indictment he draws against his countrymen. It is notorious that acts of violence and murder are of habitual occurrence in some of the States; that the force of the guardians of order told off to do duty in the Union is necessarily out of all proportion to the vast extent of the territory with its widely scattered population; that the laxity of moral tone prevalent in the newly settled districts at the back of civilization exists more or less throughout the length and breadth of the country, and that, whether from fear or favour, the Executive often shows itself unduly lenient. Perhaps the writer makes a mistake when he goes on to enforce his remarks by attempting to schedule categorically a long series of crimes committed in November. It was almost inevitable, indeed, that any attempt at illustration in detail should rather weaken his case, because the most carefully compiled list of the kind must necessarily fall very far short of the reality. For example, it is no doubt an ugly fact that at the time of his writing twenty-two men should be lying in the prisons of New York awaiting their trial for murder. But we remember that New York, with its suburbs, is believed to have the largest floating population of roughs of any city in the world; that the bulk of the emigrating rascality of Europe disembarks there; that arrests are often made somewhat promiscuously after confused scuffles in which blood has been shed, and that after all some of the twenty-two may be altogether innocent or merely guilty of manslaughter; while the variety of instances culled from police reports all over the country, although they may prove that things are very bad, yet scarcely prove them so bad as we should have fancied, or as they probably are in reality. It is plain that the writer has done his utmost to make his list exhaustive, for he ekes it out with such cases as that of a lunatic who had killed an idiot—a deplorable accident which we need hardly say would excite neither surprise nor scandal in the most law-abiding community in the world. His idea of having recourse to detailed illustration may be a mistake, but we repeat that there is no reason for rejecting his conclusions or denying the general truthfulness of his picture. As he points out himself, there is no arriving even approximately at the actual number of murders. The most purposeless and horrible of them are those committed in districts of the West remote even from townlets which have already established the inevitable newspaper, or else in places where the editor writes in hourly fear of the revolvers of his rough and ready subscribers. It is plain from what he tells us that a general impression prevails in the States that recklessness and deeds of lawless violence are decidedly on the increase. It is proved as matter of fact that crime may be perpetrated with comparative impunity; that in a rude state of society, where dread of consequences is the surest restraint upon outrage, that dread of consequences is enfeebled by circumstances; and so it has come about that "some of the most respectable and cautious journals in the country are boldly advocating a return to Lynch law." Nor is it in the new Territories alone, or even in the Border States, that men who desire to live honestly and peaceably begin to talk of Judge Lynch and Vigilance Committees. The *New York Evening Post* suggests "a few doses of lamp-post justice" by way of cure for this crying evil, and it is significant enough that a high-class journal in the great commercial capital of the country should venture to offer such advice.

No doubt such a state of things is as discreditable as it is unfortunate, and the American press is probably right in averring that the authorities have shown undue remissness in dealing with it. Yet to a certain extent such a state of things is inevitable under the peculiar conditions of the country. Population has moved gradually westwards, carrying a rough legal machinery with it, but always leaving a broad belt of debatable land between the settler and cultivation on the one hand, and the desert and the savages on the other. The education and breeding of a pioneer of progress does not tend to develop the virtues that make a good citizen. Either he is a backwoodsman by descent, born and bred beyond reach of the influences of religion and civilization; he has been taught to lisp in oaths like his father before him, and has tumbled up from his childhood as rude in manners and loose in principles as he is coarse in speech. Or, worse still, he has known better things and cast them behind him; he has fled from the society with which he has gone to war, and is the more reckless that he has sacrificed character and self-respect. Such men have to hold their own with the savages or each other, for it is only recently that the Indians have been nearly exterminated, and the habits of Indian wars have left their traces. No man can trust

his neighbour, or at least there are always many of his nearest neighbours whom he cannot trust. Of course every one goes armed in self-defence; nor can the law deny people the means of protecting themselves when it has no protection to offer them. Fatal accidents are frequent, for men become as free with their rifles and knives as they are with their speech, and local opinion is lenient to the homicide, and a death rarely takes place without something that may pass for provocation. But, wild as life always is on that border line which has hitherto been continually shifting, life there is decent and peaceable compared with what it is in some of the new cities among the mountains. Some of these, after having passed rapidly through various phases of existence, have settled down into something that is relatively respectable. But each of them in its infamous infancy was, by all accounts, simply a pandemonium. A gathering of reckless scoundrels, many of whom were suddenly enriched, assembled to corrupt each other. Every vice paraded itself in its naked monstrosity, and every vile passion broke out in full swing. Gambling dens and drinking saloons, with a sprinkling of brothels, offered their rival attractions to the man who had money, while those who were penniless and desperate indulged their envy, hatred, and malice in plotting crimes that might correct their evil fortune. Lust and covetousness were everywhere in the ascendant, and, warmed by drunkenness, of course they bred murder. When fierce men, flushed with fiery spirits, sat gambling all through the night, ruining and being ruined, blood and brawls were of ceaseless occurrence. The bowie-knife and revolver were always ready to hand, and stabs and shots were bandied as freely as looks or words elsewhere. Although many of these sinks of crime and corruption have been somewhat purified, yet new ones have been opened and are as foul as any of the others. It would be unreasonable to suppose that any country, however extensive, can escape the contamination of such foul plague spots. Boston and Philadelphia may indignantly repudiate the notion of their having anything in common with places so abandoned. But even Boston and Philadelphia cannot altogether escape their influence. The Colorado miner who has made his fortune is a citizen of the Great Republic, and wherever he chooses to go and to settle he carries with him his old recklessness. It may be chastened by his new surroundings; he may become a deacon and pillar of the Church, and purge and live cleanly as befits his new responsibilities. But the old leaven is there, and even in law-abiding New England the latent recklessness will break out upon provocation. And for one Western man who retires to New England, there are scores who settle in those Border States where rough old traditions still survive, and where the tone of feeling and opinion is not altogether uncongenial to wild Western manners.

These are the places which as yet are only aping the propriety which has become a matter of habit and principle elsewhere. So long as all goes smoothly, their demeanour is irreproachable. The judge, although he may smoke, expectorate, and whittle, administers justice with creditable judicial gravity. The barristers discharge their duties with tolerable decorum. On a sudden there is a hitch in the harmony of the proceedings. The opposite counsel give each other the lie, and each produces a pocket pistol from his brief-bag. The judge draws his own and interposes, and there is a free fight in Court. Next day the local journals duly report the course of the suit with the freest comments, and, should the judge have escaped scathless, he has probably to settle a difficulty with an editor by ordeal of battle in the street. Judicial episodes of this sort are constantly being reported in the American journals. Indeed some of the stories quoted in this very communication from Chicago are most telling, as indicating incidentally the existence of manners and customs that are the bane of social security in the Union. At Chicago a maid-servant was accidentally killed in a boarding-house. It seems that there had been a scuffle between some of the boarders, and a pistol which one of them carried in his pocket had gone off by chance. Think of the inmates of a boarding establishment in Liverpool going armed in that fashion! In Indiana a judge shot an editor for a slanderous article. The editor had fully expected the attack, and it was plain that he was not assassinated without warning, for a couple of revolvers were found upon his person, and moreover he wore a coat of mail. Out of the Tower armoury an Englishman would find it hard to provide himself with a coat of mail at a moment's notice. In Tennessee an innkeeper shot a customer who criticized the breakfast that was served for him. In moral Massachusetts a gentleman fired seven shots at a couple of ladies, being moved thereto by jealousy. The truth is, that so long as certain districts are utterly lawless, the law will be commonly disregarded in others. So long as it is the fashion to carry fire-arms over a large portion of the area of the Great Republic, passionate men will use them on little or no provocation. We do not say that there is not ample room for a more stringent application of the law, and that the reform which is so loudly called for might not be accelerated by the more decided action of the authorities. But until those tides of population and civilization which are advancing respectively from the East and West shall have met in the middle of the continent, until new generations shall have grown up under healthier influences, we fear we shall still hear of those particular crimes which have always been the curse of the country.

We may join with the Americans in deploring evils which may be attributed in some measure to the vices natural to a young country that is growing fast. But while we are grateful that we are not altogether as they are, we cannot forget that we have

scandals of our own at home which we are far less able to excuse or extenuate. No district of England lies altogether beyond the reach of the ministers of justice and religion; we boast an instinctive reverence for the law, which has been steadily growing up in the course of centuries, while our dangerous classes are spared the temptation of murderous weapons always ready to their hands. Yet we fancy we might have produced a register of November crime that might have almost rivalled that of the Chicago writer, although its items might have been more monotonous and commonplace. For sheer brutality nothing from America can surpass the murder in the Durham coal country, where four men deliberately "took running kicks" at an unlucky wretch with whom they had no personal quarrel. Even in London, if every one had his due, we suspect there would be at least as many murderers waiting their trial as in New York. It is strange how little attention is paid to the number of bodies that are found under circumstances strongly presumptive of foul play. Corpses are continually being picked out of the Regent's Canal under circumstances that suggest murder rather than suicide. Infanticide would seem to be going on briskly again, if we are to judge from the frequency of inquests on the corpses of children that have been cast out into the streets. But jurors find open verdicts, and isolated instances pass almost unnoticed. And while murder goes often undetected and unpunished, it would appear that disorder is decidedly on the increase. If we are to believe a deputation which had an interview the other day with the Chief Commissioner of Police, the state of the Strand has become worse than even that of the notorious Haymarket. Of an evening, when the numerous theatres empty, gangs of roughs and rascals take possession of the pavements, shamming various illusory pursuits by way of blinds to their real objects. Thieves and prostitutes ply a thriving trade; the eyes and ears of decent people are alike shocked by obscenity. In fact, the rascality and immorality of London make a practice of assembling every evening to prey upon the well-to-do classes, while, to make things as pleasant for them as possible, we learn that eleven public-houses are open within a compass that gives an average of two to each seven householders. Well might the deputation of Strand ratepayers, in which we may presume the public-house keepers were not represented, implore the interposition of the police; and indeed the Chief Commissioner as good as confessed that their grievous complaints were well founded. We can conceive the detectives of Scotland Yard being baffled by some mysterious and exceptional crime, but we are driven to ask how such disorders as are described have been suffered to come to a head under the eyes of the police? No doubt there are criminals and sinners in abundance in America, but certainly an Englishman and a Londoner has little reason to play the part of the Pharisee.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS "fourth year" gives no indication that the art treasures of the country are near exhaustion; indeed in some directions the present collection surpasses its predecessors. For example, the finest Holbein yet seen in Burlington House is undoubtedly "The Two Ambassadors" (114); and the most important picture of the Præ-Raffaellite period we have met with for many a day is "The Assumption of Our Lady" (191), by Sandro Botticelli. The present exhibition too is fortified by several new contributors; the Duke of Hamilton, for instance, comes into the field for the first time; in fact, the eleven pictures which he lends have scarcely been seen before. The Earl of Radnor is also a great acquisition; he sends nineteen works, several of which are of the highest value. Further novelty is gained by the admission of one hundred and twenty-five water-colour drawings, and by an effective assemblage of statues in the Octagon Gallery, among which is conspicuous a coloured "Hebe" (260), by the late John Gibson. Deceased painters of the English school, among whom stand prominent Reynolds and Turner, again take their place with infinite credit among the great masters assembled from all times and countries. One serious drawback to all these exhibitions continues to be the number of spurious works which are allowed a place as tares among the wheat. In one room alone we counted six pictures wrongly named. Thus, "The Virgin and Child" (163), is certainly not by Ghirlandaio; neither is there sufficient reason to assign "The Last Supper" (164) to Masaccio; nor can we deem the "Portrait of the Artist's Wife" (161) worthy of Del Sarto; nor is "An Angel" (182) by Masaccio; at all events the treatment of drapery identifies the work with Northern Italy—the painter must be Mantegna, or one of his school; lastly, it is simply ridiculous to assign to Albert Dürer "A Triptych; Christ bearing His Cross—the Crucifixion—the Resurrection" (160). As the contributor of this spurious Dürer sends no other picture, there can be no ground for the ordinary excuse that the bad works in a collection have to be taken in a lump with the good. Such a plea was valid when the whole of the Dudley Gallery was accepted, the condition then being that there should be neither selection nor rejection. Are we to suppose that trash gets smuggled in through favouritism? Once again, therefore, we must protest against the doctrine and practice proclaimed by the Academy, that it "can accept no responsibility" as to the authenticity of the works exhibited. Law Courts have decided that Railway Companies cannot, by printed notices, evade the responsibility of

doing their duty; and surely there is a moral Court of Appeal from the Academy which will sustain an implied contract that spurious wares shall not be exposed on the assumption that the error will not be found out. We know that the question is not free from difficulty, but all the perplexities involved would diminish, if not absolutely vanish, in the presence of knowledge, firmness, and independence. If these qualities were brought to bear on the works tendered for exhibition, the printer of the Catalogue would not need to keep perpetually in type the words "The Academy can accept no responsibility." The Academy is under a responsibility which it cannot so easily throw off; it is the chartered representative of art throughout the country; it is the established teacher of the people; it cannot exhibit a spurious work or publish a false name without doing public wrong. Strange to say, the British Institution, though a body of dilettanti, and not professional, showed more critical knowledge than these Royal Academicians. At all events, the present collection, though in the bulk amazingly fine, wants weeding and pruning.

Let us draw special attention to "The Assumption of Our Lady" (191), a *cap' opera* by Sandro Botticelli, which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their exhaustive volumes acknowledge never to have seen. This marvellous composition, measuring no less than twelve feet by nearly eight, now in the collection of the Duke of Hamilton, is described in detail by Vasari. It was painted for one Matteo Palmieri, who, as the donor, became entitled to kneel with his wife in the foreground. The patron was so "learned and able a man" that he furnished the painter with ideas; but somehow the work, though it now appears eminently devout, was pronounced guilty of "grievous heresy," and consequently it was covered from view, and the altar at which it stood became interdicted. The heresy would seem to be that the Madonna kneels below the level on which the Saviour sits. But the times are now fortunately so altered that the theologian can look upon this elaborate composition of creeds and of colours with about as much edification as the artist. In the foreground is the tomb of the Madonna, empty save of white lilies, and around stand the twelve apostles, moved with grand yet grotesque amazement, after the uncouth yet inspired manner of Botticelli. The Blessed Virgin has already reached heaven; in other words, she has thrown herself on her knees before Christ, who reigns in the highest of the pictorial spheres. This portion of the work is possibly a little out of the prescribed rule; indeed the arrangement of the figures fits neither an Assumption nor a Coronation. However, the eye will speedily turn from lowest earth and highest heaven to the three intermediate cycles or zones, which, like three inverted rainbows of resplendent colour, span the whole of the upper space. Herein, according to the words of Vasari, abide "the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Apostles, the Evangelists, the Martyrs, the Confessors, the Doctors, the Virgins, and the Hierarchies." It must be added that a countless multitude of seraphs, cherubs, and winged angels float in the air as birds of heaven, and make the fields of paradise bright as if strewn with many-coloured flowers. Gold is used freely in the decoration of wings and draperies, and is otherwise scattered about so as to give a glistening glory to realms of space. The spiritual ideas here thrown out with lavish exuberance and wild impetuosity were cherished in a more serene aspect by Fra Angelico. The subject, indeed, in its general arrangement is traditional, and comes down from much earlier times. Yet altogether novel is the suggestion of a structural dome, in the vault whereof the heavenly host find room enough and to spare. Botticelli was born in Florence in 1447 (not, as stated in the Catalogue, 1437), and, like Ghirlandaio and some other artists of the day, commenced life as a goldsmith. Botticelli died in comparative poverty in 1515. His works are unequal, as may be judged from the comparison of the "Adoration of the Magi" (193), lent by the Duke of Hamilton, with "The Holy Family" (166), contributed by Mr. Fuller Maitland. The student should not neglect the present opportunity of making more intimate acquaintance with this eccentric, original, and powerful painter. "Calumny," and "Venus Floating on the Sea," both in Florence, lie out of the beaten path of the period. Other Præ-Raffaellite artists appeal to the mind through a beauty which is the highest and purest manifestation of truth. Sandro Botticelli, on the contrary, exerts a spell by exalting ugliness into sublimity.

The early masters of Italy this year make but a scanty show. We may quote as an interesting curiosity the "Virgin and Child, with Angels" (165), bearing as a monogram a fly, corresponding with the supposed name of the artist, Mosca. We fail to find any such painter in Vasari or other books; though there is mention of Simone Mosca, a sculptor and architect, who worked in Orvieto and Pisa. The first half of the sixteenth century, however, to which this artist belongs, is too late for the style of the little work now exhibited. The manner is severe and detailed; the technique thin and dry as a tempera picture on panel. It is a pity that more is not known of this early product. In the absence of pedigree, internal evidence might give the picture a German paternity; the draperies, the circumstantial realism, and the details determine its birthplace, if not in Transalpine territory, at least within sight of the Alps. No mention is made by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle of "The Brethren of His Order Examining the Wounds of St. Francis of Assisi" (190), a work here ascribed to Beato Angelico. This composition, though possibly authentic, has certainly been greatly renovated and marred by some bold restorer. Another picture, in all probability only of a school, is "Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple" (180),

set down in the Catalogue to Filippo Lippi. Indeed Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle mention this work, with others equally dubious, in terms of apology. In fact, so little critical are our English collectors and dealers that pictures are often christened by conjecture, and names handed down by hearsay. Equally apocryphal as to master, though assuredly not in merit, is "An Angel" (182), falsely ascribed to Masaccio. Here, as before indicated, the broken up and angular draperies are not Tuscan, but Lombardic; the style is not that of the Carmine Chapel in Florence, but of the Church of the Eremitani in Padua. We recognize, too, the presence of a Northern school in the keen-cut outlines and in the stern handling of forms as in Lombard sculpture; bold and grand is the eager look and the onward movement of the figure as it floats through space towards the object of its worship. Such a work, notwithstanding obvious defects, awakens imagination, and fills the mind with fantasies which lie beyond the world of sense.

Luca Signorelli, the pupil of that great Umbro-Florentine, Piero della Francesca, and the forerunner, when in his maturity as seen at Orvieto, of Michael Angelo, is represented by one of his noblest compositions, "The Circumcision" (162). This picture, which comes like the great Botticelli on the opposite wall from Hamilton House, is signed "Lucas Cartonesis pinxit." The work seems identified with the picture said by Vasari to have been executed at Volterra, by means of the repainting of the Christ. Vasari relates that Bazzi spoiled the infant figure, and that this act of vandalism was strongly condemned. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle remark that the repainting seems to belong to a very distant period and is out of keeping with the rest of the altarpiece; the truth of the observation is patent to any well-trained eye. These critics continue as follows:—"The composition is one of Signorelli's best, well arranged and full of energy. The life-size figures are bold in action, yet unrestrained; the colour strong and of an olive tinge, with brown shadows. Firmness and truth of drawing are combined with a judicious distribution of light and shade." The composition, which is eminently symmetric, after the manner of artists accustomed to mural decoration and monumental work, is arranged within an architectural niche; two prophets in medallions, grand in manner, indicate that Signorelli, like Michael Angelo, brought his pictorial style into harmonious relation with the plastic arts. In statuesque firmness and solidity the figures are balanced. In the centre the Madonna holds on her lap the infant Christ; the High Priest raises his eyes and stretches his hands to heaven. Among numerous bystanders is not forgotten St. Joseph, "a grand apparition in full drapery, who contemplates the ceremony, and supports himself with a short staff." The female heads have a sweetness and a spirituality which comport more with Umbria than with the muscular school which Signorelli consolidated. The painter was born in 1441—that is, thirty-four years before Michael Angelo, and forty-two before Raffaele. Thus he may be accounted, particularly in remembrance of his anatomical demonstrations in the Cathedral at Orvieto, a pioneer and an innovator. How much he owed to that creative genius Piero della Francesca, of whom there is here a small specimen (195), no one can tell who has not visited Arezzo. The National Gallery has no work by Signorelli.

The Academy again adduces evidence that our English collections are specially rich in masterworks from Venice. And no other school tells with such brilliant effect in an exhibition. A Venetian picture, whatever it may be besides, seldom fails in point of decoration; no other paintings throw upon a wall an equal amount of light and colour; no other compositions strike the eye at so great a distance. All this is emphatically true of that brilliant and broadly painted scene by Titian, "The Cornaro Family" on their knees before an altar (146). The work, which is lent by the present Duke of Northumberland, was purchased in 1656 by Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, at the sale of the effects of Vandyck. This picture holds a place of honour in the large room of the Academy, and is specially signalized by a canopy of drapery; the only other work thus distinguished is Holbein's picture of "The Two Ambassadors," which occupies the central place on the opposite wall. The hangers have thus pointed to these two compositions as the crowning efforts of the collected schools, and no two creations could possibly stand in stronger contrast, and yet in more distinct and individual supremacy; it is hard indeed to tell which has the advantage—the realism of Holbein, or the generalization and suggestiveness of the great Venetian. But we must defer the consideration of these and other works to a future occasion.

The Academy shows itself widely catholic in the diversity of schools which it not only tolerates, but holds up to admiration. Thus space is wisely given to the now somewhat neglected masters of Bologna. In the presence of two fairly good examples of Ludovico Carracci, a rare master, save in Bologna, "The Holy Family" (150), and "Charity" (156), both from the gallery of the Earl of Radnor, it may be instructive, as it is curious, to refer to the Discourses of Reynolds. Students of the Academy a hundred and three years ago are therein recommended to form their style on the model of Ludovico. The simplicity, or rather, "what the ancients called the corruption of the colours," gained by breaking and mixing the pigments, together with a breadth of light and a depth of shadow approaching the solemnity of twilight, are pointed to as specially in keeping with the gravity and solemnity of sacred and historic art. Since the days of Reynolds the mode of teaching, whether for better or for worse, has changed, and accordingly these pictures by Ludovico, as well as by his two contemporaries, Domenichino and Guercino, are now

deemed wanting in closeness of study, in realistic truth, in the moderation and modesty of nature. Certainly it would be the ruin of any young painter to commence where the Bolognese left off, and indeed we can scarcely conceive of an art more corrupt than that which is flauntingly displayed large as life in "St. Sebastian" (213), by Domenichino, and in "San Luigi di Gonzaga received into the Society of Jesus" (225), by Guercino. Wide as the poles asunder from these blatant works is the early little picture to which we shall hereafter revert, "The Agony in the Garden" (176), by Raffaele. The period is probably a little later than that of "The Vision of the Knight" in the National Gallery; the style still retains the distinguishing traits of the painter's master, Perugino, and is consequently true, simple, and devout.

THE THEATRES.

AT this season adult persons visit the theatres chiefly as a duty to their children and young friends, and if that duty be more than usually burdensome this year, there is the more credit in performing it. We therefore notice the dullness of the Drury Lane pantomime as a matter of interest rather to dramatic and literary critics than to the public, who would be bound to go and see it if it were ten times duller than it is. We think that in the introductory part the author has fallen behind his former efforts in the same line, and in the harlequinade there is not, so far as we remember, even one tolerably good joke. Happy are they who have never seen a pantomime before, and are therefore unable to draw comparisons between this and earlier productions at the same house. But if the manager really desires to be funny, he had better produce a serious drama without loss of time. The combat between Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu in the *Lady of the Lake* was much more diverting than any of the numerous encounters which may now be witnessed between the clown and the policeman. The company engaged for this pantomime includes Mr. Brittain Wright, who has been a great favourite of pit and gallery at Drury Lane Theatre from the time when he helped to lighten that dreary piece *Formosa*. But even he can do almost nothing to push this pantomime along; and the great and varied talent of the Vokes family is exercised to equally small advantage. The verdict of the public must, we fear, be that there is a strong company and a weak piece at Drury Lane. We mean, however, no more than this—that the piece is not equal to earlier efforts of the same author, who has to fear comparison rather with himself than with anybody else. After all perhaps the quality of the work does not greatly matter, as Drury Lane now stands in pantomime proper without a rival. A critic, or a person who usurps the name, has ventured to assert that it is possible to endure *Babù and Bijou* a second time. This, however, we take leave to doubt, and, as it is not a pantomime, we are not in duty called upon to try.

People who are oppressed with the gaieties of the season may be assured that if they can be dismal nowhere else an opportunity offers itself at the Globe Theatre. Feeling much admiration for the talent of Mr. Montague, and warmly approving his principle of management, it is unpleasant to remark that *Tears, Idle Tears*, are out of place at Christmas, and not particularly desirable at any time. The title has no special connexion with the subject of the piece, except that it has a doleful sound. Indeed, the tears which occur in the piece, far from being idle, are, as the doctor informs us, a sign of recovery from disease. It must be owned that Mr. Montague acts his strange part very well, and thus saves himself and the piece from the ridicule that always threatens to overtake it. He has been deranged four years, and when he begins to recover he is brought home, where he falls asleep on a sofa, and when he wakes an innocent plot of his wife and friends is used to persuade him that he has only been ill a week. Considering the time that this plot had been forming, the execution of it might be less slovenly. All newspapers and periodicals of recent date have been removed from the room in which he is expected to arrive. The *Quarterly Review* of a date before his illness, and with a page turned down by himself, is placed where he may see it. We should feel things to be more real and pleasant if we were told the title of the article he was reading. But when all this has been cunningly arranged, a maid-servant spoils it by bringing in a letter that has come by post. His suspicion is aroused by the post-mark, and he seeks for confirmatory evidence on the chimney-piece. It seems inevitable that he will find last week's milk bill, but the same result is more elegantly attained by the discovery of the wedding-card of a gentleman whom he remembers as only seventeen years old. Any way the pious fraud is exposed, and he satisfies himself that he has, as he supposed, been ill and away from home for four years. However, although the contrivance fails, the patient gets well without it. He had accidentally shot his son, a boy of four years old, and his mind gave way under this terrible affliction. After his removal from home another son was born, who is now about the age that his brother was when he was shot. At first he is persuaded that this is the son whom he used to love so much, and that the supposed accident was a dream. Then, beginning to suspect the plot, he calls for the boy, who luckily happens to be asleep. Thus the inevitable discovery is staved off for a few minutes, but it comes nevertheless, and proves less disastrous than had been expected. We accept the statement in the playbill that this piece, on its production in Paris, "created an interest universal and profound." The idea of the piece is

eminently French, and probably if such an idea had first occurred to an English dramatist, he would have dismissed it as unsuitable to our stage. In order that we may understand what we are about to see, a nurse is introduced, like Chorus in *King Henry V.*, to tell the dismal tale from the beginning. This proceeding, in itself slightly absurd, is made more so by the fact that the part of nurse is undertaken by Miss Hughes, a lady of well-known comic power. Thus we get a sensation approaching that which is experienced when Mr. Toole enters, as he is fond of doing, upon the domestic pathetic line of business. When Miss Hughes is overcome by pity for her unhappy master, we remember involuntarily that she used to be "the strongest woman in the world." The absurdity is something like that of putting a low comedian into the part of Oliver Cromwell. It is only fair to say that Miss Hughes looks adequately doleful and harrows our feelings as much as possible by her narrative. But still there is an incongruity about the whole thing which would be fatal to the piece if it were not fortunately short. We think that if it be performed at all, it ought to occur earlier in the evening, so as to allow time for something both good and lively to follow it. The entertainment begins with a particularly seasonable piece, also taken from the French, called *Weather Permitting*. Almost the only consolation we can suggest under the prevailing miserable weather is that a little fun is got out of it at this theatre, where, let us observe, real business begins at seven o'clock. This arrangement has perhaps been adopted in consideration of the early closing of public-houses, and certainly, when an evening begins with rain and goes on to tears, it may be desirable to fortify oneself against the influence of damp by a drop of gin or brandy before going to bed. The "new and original play" called *False Shame* is as good as several other recent plays which have enjoyed considerable popularity. The proposed duel is an anachronism, particularly as it is to be fought with swords, and the sentiment appropriated to Mr. Montague, "that if he must break the law of his country, he will do so in his country," is rather too extravagant for a cultivated audience. There is, however, a touch of nature in the father of the intending duellist, who insists that the honour of the family must be maintained, but is rather taken back on hearing that the event is to be brought off, as *Bell's Life* would say, in his own park.

The ingenuity which at one house finds a "comedieta" on the weather is equalled at another where the scene is laid at Geneva, and the characters are awaiting the result of the international arbitration. This piece is, we suppose, intended as an improvement upon the ordinary burlesque; but, although it begins well, there is hardly any progress afterwards. The transition from Geneva to Robinson Crusoe's island, under the guidance of "Imagination," produces only results of the most ordinary and prosaic kind. If we remember rightly, the only distinct object of the piece appears to be to provide Robinson Crusoe with a wife in the person of a strong-minded lady who travels alone and agitates for female suffrage. We are speaking of the Olympic Theatre, which has been lately opened by Miss Ada Cavendish, who, like Mr. Montague, appears to have fixed a standard of management which is difficult to maintain. The demand for new and original comedies, and for short light pieces which shall not be exactly burlesques, promises to exceed the supply. The opening of the Olympic Theatre has not been encouraging; but equal difficulty was experienced at the Vaudeville, which soon afterwards became one of the most popular theatres in London. The undertaking of Miss Cavendish will be little helped by the sympathy to which it is undoubtedly entitled. Hardly any piece can go well unless there is an audience to applaud it, and just now those entertainments which make least demand upon the intellect are most in favour. It is unfortunate, too, that Miss Cavendish has lately fallen, either by necessity or choice, upon unattractive plays. She does all that can be done with her own part in her own theatre, and yet we feel little satisfaction at the result. The play may be truly said to end with a catastrophe, for the principal actor in it gives himself a spin round and falls upon the floor dead. Several modern plays owe their chief effect to consumption; and this play depends upon heart disease. We may perhaps venture to hope that the medical profession will lend further aid to dramatic literature, which is admittedly in delicate health, and thus a variety of plays may be produced in which the hero or heroine may be made the victim of all the different diseases under which it is possible to look interesting. There is a certain ingenuity about this play which deserves notice. The hero is a Mexican adventurer who has made his fortune on the Paris Bourse. He knows that he is liable to die suddenly, and he knows also that his wife has listened to words of love whispered by an Austrian baron at a masked ball. He contrives to bully the Baron into marrying his wife's sister, to whom he leaves all his fortune. Thus he is reconciled to his own impending death by the punishment to be inflicted on his wife, who will be deprived at once of his money and of the Baron's love. It is obvious, however, that a young and handsome widow is not likely to find either of these losses irretrievable. We are bound to say that much is done for this piece by the acting, but the story, although it would doubtless excite interest in Paris, will hardly be popular in London. Then comes the attempt, of which we have already spoken, to make fun out of the Geneva arbitration, and this also is better intended than performed.

REVIEWS.

BOKHARA THE HOLY.*

TRANSOXANIA, or, within more restricted limits, the Khanate of Bokhara, is perhaps that part of Asia of which, in proportion to the kind and amount of its claims on their attention, European readers know least. It has been for long ages the highway of a more or less extensive commerce between the West and the far East; but remoteness, unpleasant nomadic methods of "interviewing" strangers, and the treatment received by later travellers in jealous, cruel, and bigoted "holy" Bokhara itself, had succeeded in preserving it almost unsullied by the foot of an infidel. But Russia has changed all that, and, for better or for worse, the destinies of Bokhara are henceforth bound up with the course of Western politics. A European may now travel securely in places where, less than ten years ago, a flaw in his disguise would have meant death; and the day may not be very distant when even the British excursionist, with his opera-glass and return ticket, may be comforting his weary and dust-soiled person with the far-famed wines and melons of Bokhara and Samarcand. Under these circumstances, readers will welcome the publication, for the first time in Europe, of a continuous—i.e. intelligible—history of the Khanate, in which an attentive student may trace the process whereby successive governments or misgovernments of Arabs, Samanides, Seljukides, Timurides, Uzbeks, &c. have fashioned the Bokhariot of to-day.

Naturally, the details of the pre-Islamitic period are very meagre. But as one of the earliest recorded exploits of the Bokhariots was to tie their prince in a sack of thorns and roll him about until death relieved him of his troubles, it must be granted that they seem to have distinguished themselves from the very first in a manner worthy of all that we know of them from the time of Alexander of Macedon to that of his Russian namesake. This period is interesting chiefly from an ethnographic viewpoint. References in the *Vendidad* to Herat, Balkh, Sogd, Merve, &c., as being produced by the first creative efforts of Ormuzd; Arab traditions, more or less defined, of a Zend dialect; the early and general prevalence of fire-worship; and the mention of Balkh as the place chosen by Zoroaster to preach his new doctrines after he had fled from his native province of Azerbidjan—are put forth by Mr. Vambéry as proofs that the early settlers of Central Asia were Iranians, by whom the fire-worship was spread, northwards and westwards, over the lands between the Oxus and Jaxartes. In the first century Buddhism also existed there, being professed by the Toorki and other Turanian elements of the population; and the word "Bokhara" itself means a Buddhist convent. Lastly, the Nestorians, having made the West too hot for themselves, settled near the Zereshan, where they enjoyed their metaphysical hair-splitting in peace, and, before A.D. 520, founded a bishopric of Samarcand. St. Thomas has been credited with the introduction of Christianity beyond the Oxus, but then St. Thomas has been called upon to do duty in almost every clime from Malabar to Anahuac. Those fire-worshipping Iranians who formed the more numerous, or at all events more important, part of the Transoxanian population, were lovers of peace, and settled only in the fertile districts and in the large towns, where they manufactured their famous sword-blades, cottons, carpet stuffs, and were the go-betweens in the silk trade between China and the Mediterranean. That the Central Asian fire-worshippers were enviably prosperous and wealthy is proved by the frequent and successful visits, beginning A.D. 666, of those fervid soldiers of the Prophet who combined plunder with proselytism. Beikend blades, costly carpets, heaps of gold and silver, wondrous pearls extracted from the eye-sockets of Buddhist idols abhorred of every good Moslem, and even the jewelled slippers of the brave Queen Khatun herself, only served to convince the invaders more firmly of the pressing necessity of converting the infidel. But the infidel defended his faith and his goods with all his soul and with all his strength; till Kuteibe, about 710, dealt its death-blow to fire-worship, and firmly planted in Bokhara that Islamism which in later days, and as Mr. Vambéry has endeavoured to show in his earlier works, became, for cruelty and bigotry, almost unparalleled among the religions of the world. Kuteibe seems to have been the ideal of a Mahomedan warrior. He was equally at home in the pulpit and in the saddle; and he inspired his troops to deeds of desperate courage, no less by appeals to their lowest passions than to their pride as servants of God and the Prophet. For himself, his grand ambition was the conversion of Central Asia—a task to which he devoted himself with genuine enthusiasm. Arab troopers were lodged in every house to act as the religious instructors and spies of their hosts; by gifts in money infidels were encouraged to frequent the mosques; apostasy was punished with extreme severity, and, though "survivals" from the old worship were found even in the twelfth century, the history of Bokhara seems to confute the ordinary notion that a new religion cannot be imposed by force. The reader will discover that, at this as at other periods, popular energies

* *Geschichte Bokhara's, oder Transoxaniens, von den frühesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart.* Nach orientalischen benützen und unbenützen hand schriftlichen Geschichtsquellen. Zum erstenmal bearbeitet von Hermann Vambéry. Stuttgart. 1872.

History of Bokhara; from the Earliest Period down to the Present. By Arminius Vambéry. London: King & Co. 1873.

were, by pressure of strong despotism, excluded from State questions to find vent in religious excitement. But of course, for some time, religious differences meant differences of race; hence the astonishing influence wielded by Mokanna, "the veiled prophet of Khorasan," to whom, no doubt, the reader has already been introduced in Moore's pages. He appeared on the scene in 767, and from his impregnable eyrie, near Kesh, for fifteen years defied the Caliph's best armies and generals. The story is one of the most interesting in the book; but we can only glance at it. The fire-worshippers were Mokanna's chief adherents, and he proclaimed himself a God incarnate: who had already appeared in the persons of Moses, Mahomet, and Christ. Looking-glasses arranged so as to catch the sun's rays were the device whereby he once satisfied his worshippers praying to behold the glory of his countenance, and brought them to their knees in terror. It is narrated that an envoy, being asked by him who and what he was, bluntly replied that the question was unworthy of an omniscient deity; but Mr. Vambéry considers that the retort argues more courage than, under the circumstances, the envoy ought to be credited with. When all was over, Mokanna beheaded his page, poisoned his numerous wives, except one, and then leaped into a blazing furnace from which it appears he had promised to emerge with aid from heaven. The escaped lady told the Arabs that she had long watched the furnace, but that Mokanna never came back. The comparative mythologists perhaps might like to make short work of the story, or at least of part of it, by showing that, even if a real Mokanna did exist, the Mokanna of the shining face was a native of Cloudland, and meant the Sun, with its "golden mask," and "green veil," or clouds that hid its splendour.

At this time, and for about a hundred years more, "Middle Asia" formed part of the government of Khorasan, whose "stattholder" sent a representative of the Caliph to reside at Bokhara, the descendants of the old dynasty retaining only the bare title. But the rule of the Arabs really ended with the ninth century, when Ismail, the most illustrious of the Samanides, received his diploma as governor of Khorasan. He possessed the right of coinage, and of the *Khutbe*—repetition of his prayers in his name; and, like the princes of mediæval Europe in their relation to the Pope, Ismail owed only a nominal—i.e. religious—allegiance to the Caliph, "the Shadow of God upon earth," who was rapidly becoming nothing but a shadow. Under this prince, Bokhara rose to be the capital of a great empire, and was renowned over Asia for its commercial prosperity, its colleges, to which students flocked from all parts, and its learned men and saints, whose names are revered even in the present day. The Samanide dynasty lasted for about a century and a half, after which the unhappy country continued to be an apple of discord for successive lines of Charesmian, Seljuk, and other Tartar rulers, till, in 1218, Ghenghiz Khan emerged from "the Gobi-Waste" with his half-million of Mongols. Mr. Vambéry describes in his best style how the brutal Mongols used the leaves of the Koran for horse-litter, and the book-chests for horse-troughs, and turned the priests into servants of all work; while Ghenghiz in one day reduced Bokhara to ashes, destroyed all traces of its old civilization, and sent its famous gardeners and skilled mechanics to ply their trade in Mongolia. The Mongols described by Gibbon, as well as by Mr. Vambéry, seem to be distinguished above all races for a certain kind of cold, gloomy ferocity. Ghenghiz Khan appears to have been pretty much like the rest of them; yet our author administers a whitewashing to the flint-hearted old savage, and quotes his Military Constitutions—"the Mongol Koran"—and his toleration of different religions as proofs that he had a turn for statesmanship as well as for booty and murder. A few details of these Constitutions are given in the excellent sketch of the career of Timur, who, we are told, was a great admirer of the Khan's system. But perhaps it would be difficult to prove that certain portions of this "Koran" actually belong to Ghenghiz, and not to Timur. Regulations for the outfit—in swords, axes, saws, needles, thread, &c.—of every trooper, were of course much after the great Khan's special tastes. But the rule that the cry for quarter should be respected seems inconsistent with the conduct of a man who would murder in cold blood recruits and prisoners disabled by sickness. Still a conqueror of the time practically summed up his ethics in the words, Whatever I do is right; and Ghenghiz could, without the least scruple, and with the most pious severity, lecture the Bokhariots on their sins, and then proceed to demonstrate God's wrath in the way most agreeable to himself. In this invasion Timur Melik, the Toorki governor of Khopend, distinguished himself in a manner worthy of record. He launched twelve boats, or monitors, as we might call them, on the Jaxartes, covered them with armour-plates of damp felt, to prevent their being set on fire, and fitted them with a sort of portholes, through which he treated his friend the enemy to a brisk fire of arrows.

With the rise of "Timur the Tartar"—1363 to 1405—Central Asia regained its old prosperity, and Samarcand, not Bokhara, became alike the capital of Asia and the seat of perhaps the most splendid and refined Court in the world. His Spanish Majesty was represented there by "the good knight" Don Ruy Gonzales de Clavijo, a fact to which Timur proudly directed his courtiers' attention when he spoke of "my son, the King of Spain, who dwells at the end of the world, and is chief among the Frankish kings." We think of some story of the *Arabian Nights* when we read the description by Clavijo of one of those festive days when, on a plain near Samarcand,

an ordered city of many-coloured tents would spring up as if by magic—looking, in the distance, "like a bed of tulips swaying with the breeze"—in which Timur, his Court, and thousands of the citizens would for days luxuriate in wine-drinking, poetry, music, and the dance. Persons acquainted with Baber's Memoirs will perhaps regret that Mr. Vambéry has written so scantily on the Timurides, whose dynasty, though the most short-lived (lasting only till 1500), comprised the ablest and most accomplished princes that ever ruled beyond the Oxus. This reserve of energy is perhaps the chief fault to be found with Mr. Vambéry, and implies a compliment to which not every historian is entitled. The era of the Timurides is especially rich in materials from which a skilful composer might produce a tolerably complete and vivid picture of the society of the time, thus breaking the somewhat monotonous record of names, court intrigues, and bloodshed. But of the poets, philosophers, and theologians Mr. Vambéry has given us only brief notes, which, however, we hope will be amplified in a future edition of his book. Baber himself, whose Memoirs are here called "the Commentaries of the Caesar of the East," and who is perhaps the finest character that Central Asia ever produced, offers a fitting subject for a sketch of a "representative man."

As in the case of Paraguay during recent times, so also in that of Central Asia, Nature had forgotten to provide for a constant supply of powerful and wise despots. It was only occasionally that a hero arose who, in Carlylean phrase, succeeded in making the country "habitable." But the good impetus always died with the dynasty itself, and then came the opportunity of tribes whose great enemy was peace; so that history had to be begun *de novo*. Sheibani, who with his Uzbegs—Turko-Mongols between the Arab and Caspian—expelled Baber in 1499, was a mere fighter, from whom the old civilization of Bokhara received a blow from which it never recovered. Under Abdullah Khan, the best of the Sheibanides, Bokhara recovered in a measure its old commercial and intellectual greatness; but it all disappeared with the ruler himself, and for more than two hundred and fifty years, during the reigns of princes whose very names are now made known to European readers for the first time, the history of Bokhara is one of steady decadence, and too often of unimaginable misery. Even the Mollas, who stood between the people and their tyrants, and whose sacred influence is illustrated in many a bright and impressive anecdote, appear in 1826-60 as contemptible panders to that "Shadow of God," Emir Nasrullah, whose character is perhaps the foulest and blackest in Central Asian records.

The concluding seventy pages are the most interesting in the book, and contain an excellent summary of the course of the Russian conquests till within the last few months. Bokhara presented a spectacle pleasant neither to gods nor men; and the reader cannot feel deeply touched by its fate when General Kaufmann, in May 1868, made his triumphal entry into the old capital of Timur, and wrote *finis* to its long and chequered history. Mr. Vambéry writes as an historian, not as a politician; but no reader can close these volumes without perceiving that, so far as the Central Asiatics are concerned, the Russian conquest must be regarded as a blessing; any rule is better than endless anarchy. We conclude with a cordial recommendation of this valuable book. In former years Mr. Vambéry gave ample proofs of his powers as an observant, easy, and vivid writer. In the present work his moderation, scholarship, insight, and occasionally very impressive style, have raised him to the dignity of an historian. Throughout it is written in the clearest and most flowing German; but we may refer readers unacquainted with that language to the very excellent English translation which has just been published, and with which no fault can be found except a few trifling instances of tame rendering and too close adherence to the form of the original.

MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE.*

THE epithet "quiet," as characterizing the manner or subject-matter of a book, has lately come into vogue, its tone of self-complacent apology evidently recommending it to the author in search of a title. There is the flattery of selection in it; it is a bit at sensationalism. The quiet neighbourhood, the quiet heart, the quiet eye, the quiet memorial, all seem to demand a discerning reader, who can detect the vivid workings of thought and feeling under an outside tranquillity, and can distinguish between quietness and dullness, which are all one to thoughtless ignorance. But there is risk in it too. Two very thick volumes expended on the quiet life of a clergyman's widow unknown to fame might test even a steady reader's powers to the utmost. In fact, Mrs. Augustus Hare's life was not exceptionally quiet, whatever her habits may have been. She was married to a distinguished, and not at all quiet, husband; she knew a great many people, and she travelled a good deal. Not that these circumstances would account for the two thick volumes; but one thing about her was never at rest—her pen was endowed with a ceaseless activity. Its effusions are indeed enough to repel the glancing, skipping reader who believes he has trained his eye to the work of rapid abridgment. Impatient turning of the leaves produces only discouragement; but begin at the beginning, and the well-principled effort is rewarded by forming acquaintance with a really high-minded, unworldly, and intellectual group of people presenting a

* *Memorials of a Quiet Life.* 2 vols. By Augustus J. C. Hare. London: Strahan & Co. 1872.

picture of aims, pursuits, and habits which raise them sufficiently above ordinary folks and their doings to make them well worth knowing. We advise this course not only for its intrinsic merit, but on the rule which guided Mrs. Linnet in reading good books of biography. She, we are told, after one peep at the end "satisfy a somewhat morbid curiosity, would turn to the earlier facts in her subject's history, her eye passing quickly where serious phrases predominated, but being arrested by what are termed "promising nouns." It is in the first volume of most biographies that such "promising nouns" occur, and the book before us is no exception. The facts, incidents, adventures, stimulating names, and love-making come early in the story. Here we read of Miss Leycester's travels in Scotland with her brother in his gig; of her stay at Blair Athol; of the gig-box furnishing a dress which did no discredit to the Duchess's drawing-room, where Prince Leopold was guest; of her visit to Walter Scott; her report of his "insignificant little wife" and his "fine, sensible, clever daughters." In the first volume also the masculine element predominates. The reader already knows something of Augustus and Julius Hare, authors of *Guesses at Truth*, but here he sees them closer in their domestic relations, and it is their share in the work which gives it an especial value. At a time when the complaint is so general of young men's reluctance to choose the Church as their profession, and of the difficulty of parents knowing what to do with thoughtful, well-conducted sons who seem cut out for excellent curates and conspicuously not cut out for any other calling, has reached a point beyond all past experience, the picture of Augustus Hare as parish priest of Alton Barnes is really opportune. Here was a man just like what these respectable objectors fancy themselves, bright, clever, a good talker, with all the doubts and hesitations—reaching at one point to positive "repugnance"—which go with the assumption of original thoughts and views; till fortunately the shock of his friend Martin Stow's death startled him with the question, "If I should die without being of any use!" under which all his doubts vanished. When once the step was taken, he plunged into the work with a fervour, unction, and success which really stir the reader's sympathies, keeping all his distinctive characteristics as clearly defined as ever; remaining as clever, as odd, as attractive to his friends as when a lay Fellow and tutor of New College, the centre of a distinguished circle.

An easy gift of expression is a characteristic of every prominent person in the book. The ladies' pens all run with a flow, a power of telling their inmost thoughts and imparting their tenderest feelings, of finding something fresh and ardent to say on what to their readers seem exhausted topics, which separates them from ordinary experience. But the Hare brothers were exuberant in another fashion. Augustus may be said to have expressed himself at every pore. Every feeling in his mind found instant vent in action of a violent kind:—

"He was very eccentric" is the remark of almost all who knew him at this time. If excited in conversation, he would spring up in the midst of his talk, twist himself rapidly round three times, and sit down again without pausing in what he was saying, as if some external action was necessary to let off the force of his excitement. After dinner at the houses of his intimate friends he would rush up and down the drawing-room in the vehemence of his spirits, and then cast himself upon a sofa and throw up his legs in the air. . . .

When Augustus Hare heard of any kind of noble action performed by another person, I have seen him suddenly start up from his chair with a strong exclamation of delight uttered in his shrill tone, and hurriedly pace the room, rubbing his hands with glee. He really felt a luxury in doing good. . . . I remember being present at a supper which he gave to some old men in the barn already mentioned, where he assisted in waiting on the poor people, evidently enjoying the repast more than those who partook of it; and when the entertainment was over, and he returned to his own fireside, his first act was to run up to Mrs. Hare, and kiss her with an ecstasy of benevolence too big to be expressed.

These manners might have stood in his way in other professions, but nowhere does a vein of eccentricity fit in so well as in a country parsonage. The ideal rector, of liberal hand and easy means, is not complete without a few amiable oddities. They keep up freshness in his relations with his equals, and furnish his poorer parishioners with anecdotes. All people like their penetration to be kept in exercise, and credit for wit or learning or genius is more cheerfully bestowed where criticism is not wholly held in abeyance. Even a wife may feel this; his "twisting and twirling" are effervescences of genius pleasantly referred to in her correspondence. In spite of them the five years of married life at Alton Barnes are described by Mrs. Hare as years of unalloyed felicity. And here again—for we are bent on setting off the clerical calling at its brightest—the country rectory in good hands suggests an image of Paradise nowhere else to be conceived with the same fitness of analogy in all its parts. It is pleasant to read in these pages of unbroken happiness (acknowledged in its course as such) enjoyed in a life of ideal usefulness, even while we know that it cannot last, for it is only homes susceptible of a thousand improvements that hold their ground. Five years, however, of unalloyed felicity is a good spell.

Another model rectory after rather a different type is described earlier in the same volume. As a girl, Maria Leycester—Mrs. Augustus Hare—formed an intimate friendship with the Hebers, Hodnet being two miles from her father's living of Stoke-upon-Terne. Reginald Heber was a man who could at once enjoy and stand loose from the refined pleasures of life. His whole nature needed play. "While," Mr. Blunt wrote, "as an active parish priest he was daily among his parishioners, advising them in difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling often at the hazard

of his life by their sick beds," we find Miss Leycester riding, one of his merry party, in the glades of Hawkstone, listening to his readings of Walter Scott's "newly published" novels, or to his recital of the *Ancient Mariner*, or singing his songs which he wrote "faster than we can sing them," and at Christmas time joining in the evening amusements of dancing, singing, acting:—

Reginald Heber [she writes] and Mr. Stow are both excellent actors, and we acted a French proverb one night, and the "Children in the Wood" another; forming in ourselves both the performers and the audience, and very amusing it was. It was all extempore, and our dresses we got up in a few minutes at the time, so there was no trouble attending it, no spectators to alarm us, and perfect unanimity and good-humour to make it enjoyable.

The Mr. Stow here mentioned was the admirer first in Miss Leycester's good graces, and Augustus Hare, as his friend, did all he could to remove impediments out of the way. But her father's consent could not be won. Stow then went to India with Bishop Heber, and shortly after died of fever at Dacca. It was in mourning his death together that the deeper attachment was formed of which this work tells us the course and end. We cannot here enter into the history of the Hare family, or speak in detail of all the four members of the united brotherhood—Francis, the father of the biographer; Augustus, educated by his aunt Lady Jones; Julius, who passed much of his boyhood in Germany, where as a child he heard Goethe and Schiller talk, and, as he said, "learnt to throw inkstands at the Devil"; and Marcus, the youngest. They derived their genius and talents apparently from their mother Georgiana, daughter of Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph. She was beautiful enough to rival her cousin, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire; deeply learned, and an accomplished artist; receiving hints from Sir Joshua Reynolds, who visited at her father's house, and patronizing Flaxman. All the boys were born in Italy and had a different start in life and thought from the ordinary English boy, a difference which told upon them throughout. It was the mother's principle to give them unlimited range of books and authors. Julius, the "Hare with many friends," raved of German authors at Cambridge with family enthusiasm; and Augustus, before he left Winchester, constituted himself a reformer of its code. It must be noted, however, that he stood up for the system of prefects. He had entered the school a commoner, but was elected scholar in 1806, high enough in school to go into college as a prefect—an office which he certainly would never abuse, and which, from the point of view of administrator, was congenial to his temper.

Hurstmonceaux, being a family living and a very good one, was to devolve upon Augustus; but he attached himself so warily to his simple rustic parishioners that he engaged his elder brother to promise it to Julius, who in fact accepted it when shortly afterwards it fell vacant. The story of Lady Jones's will shows disinterestedness in money matters, a family characteristic; while the reader moralizes on the wisdom of sitting loose from such cares when he notes how short a time was granted for the enjoyment of this world's best gifts. In 1833 Augustus Hare's health failed, and it was thought necessary for him to give up duty for a while, and resort for cure to his native air of Rome. His brother Marcus had just married Miss Lucy Stanley, Maria Hare's most intimate friend and correspondent, and they travelled together. As this elect and devout party enter Italy, Augustus reports their being announced by a postilion to a friend at the inn-door as "God-damns della *prima qualità*." They reached Rome, but no cure followed, and he died there in February 1834 at the age of forty-one. The one drawback to her married life had been the want of children, and in the desolation of her widowhood Mrs. Hare—or Mia, as her friends called her—offered to adopt her godson Augustus, the infant child of the eldest brother Francis; stipulating that the child should be absolutely her own, and "should be brought up to consider all her family as its relations, as near or nearer than those who were related to it by blood." No opposition was made to her wishes, and, when fifteen months old, the child was formally made over to her.

It was this lady's fortune to be successively the supreme object of regard with many men. To Martin Stow succeeded Augustus Hare. At his death she made Hurstmonceaux Rectory her home, subsequently settling near it, where her brother-in-law, Julius Hare, devoted himself to her with an enthusiastic reverence, which lasted till his marriage, in 1844, with Miss Esther Maurice, sister of Frederic Maurice, who had been his pupil at Cambridge. At this time her adopted son was getting of an age to return her affection, and from this date to her death in 1870 he was more than a son to her, a tender romance adding force to the maternal relation. The qualities which awoke a course of such lasting affection must have been of no common order; a certain dignity of self-respect no doubt tempered love with some awe of esteem. This is transparent in the style of her correspondents; an elevation of one is maintained on all sides, with which it must be owned that the close of her life strangely harmonized. Six months before her death (in 1870, aged 72) she fell into a succession of trances, one lasting a hundred and twelve hours, during which she took "no nourishment whatever," lying in a state of seemingly ecstatic repose.

We have touched rather on the facts and prominent characters of the book; but its bulk is due to the letters and journals and meditations of Mrs. Hare and her friends, beginning with excellent letters of advice from her elder sister, who married, in 1810, the Rev. Edward Stanley, Rector of Alderley and subsequently Bishop of Norwich, and followed by a close, lifelong correspondence with

Lucy Stanley, sister, we gather, of the Bishop, and at length wife of Marcus Hare. All the letters are of a strictly religious character; these ladies profiting by the piety, and not disturbing themselves much about the views, of the liberal thinkers with whom they were connected. They were all observers of days, anniversaries, and seasons, as motives for the exercise of ever-fluent pens upon feelings awake to every influence from without. Each second of June as it comes round has its notices and reflections on the wedding of Augustus with his Mia; each eighteenth of February, year after year, brings its tribute of condolence; and as the wives all survived their husbands, and the system was mutual, this of itself constitutes a volume. So that we can scarcely echo Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's regrets over the first step of Mrs. Julius Hare in her widowhood, of burning the daily minute correspondence which had taken place between "his mother" and Julius whenever she was away from Hurstmonceaux. We feel that nothing of her is left unsaid. Friends may regret, but the reader sees things under another light, and, while finding much to interest and something to learn in these volumes, certainly does not wish them to be longer.

RECLUS ON THE OCEAN, ATMOSPHERE, AND LIFE.*

UNFLAGGING in industry to the last, the late librarian to the Queen at Windsor left all but ready for press, besides other works of great literary value, a translation of the second portion of M. Reclus's comprehensive survey of the Life of the Globe, supplementary to the volume upon the Earth which we noticed a year and a half ago. We are glad to see this new and not less interesting contribution to the scientific history of our planet, *The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life*, carried through the press with the same editorial care and completeness as the former book. The original work has from the first taken its place in its own country as a recognized manual in the study of physical geography. In our own educational literature we have nothing at all corresponding with it. It may in consequence be expected to fill a void in the course of physical teaching. M. Reclus not only shares with his countrymen in general the faculty of keen perception and symmetrical arrangement of facts, but displays to the full that art of vivid and picturesque exposition which gives to French science its crowning and most characteristic charm. The translator has throughout combined fidelity to the original text with freedom and flexibility of style. The accompanying maps, of which there are twenty-seven printed in colours, as well as the woodcuts inserted in the text, over two hundred in number, are, without claiming high artistic finish, clear and correctly drawn. They are borrowed, we presume, from the original publication, English names having been substituted, the process betraying itself by sundry casual slips, such as "Ocean Pacific," "Sea Baltic," "Gulfe Taranto," and so forth.

M. Reclus casts a broad glance over the general distribution of land and water over the globe. The depths now shrouded from sight by a veil of water once deemed unfathomable have, he urges, no less importance to the mind of the geologist than the exposed surface of the continents or islands. In the long range of geological time well nigh every portion we now see has had its turn beneath the waves, and will in all probability sink anew below their surface. So, it may be, have the now submerged abysses had their day of light and air, or may hereafter rise above the waste of waters which now hides them. Meanwhile the ocean never for a moment ceases to modify the configuration of the globe, not only by its wasting violence, but by the agency of its clouds, its rains, and meteoric influences at large. Manifest as are the atmospheric agencies by which the mountain summits are riven and worn down, the rocks dissolved and hollowed into caverns, bringing mineral substances to the surface, and causing at times great subterranean subsidences, it is the sea which sends them forth, and it is in the course of their return to the great basins where they had their rise, that the marine vapours penetrate and filter through, and disintegrate the land. What are the glaciers which polish the rocks, and carry down into the valleys those piled-up boulders, but moisture from the ocean, which the clouds deposit in the form of snow? What, too, are the numerous rivers which spread life over the globe, and without which the continents would be uninhabitable deserts, but a system of veins and veinlets which carry back to the reservoir of the ocean the waters distributed over the soil by the great arterial system of clouds and rain? As for climate, upon the varieties of which all that lives upon the earth depends, does it not follow from movements of the ocean, at least as much as from the distribution or elevation of the masses of land? The polar cold would be more rigorous, and the heat of the tropics more intense, to the destruction of most of the beings now inhabiting them, did not the currents of the ocean convey water from the Poles to the Equator, and from the Equator to the Poles, thus constantly tending to an equalization of temperature. It is thus no paradox that in the cosmogonies of many a primitive race, Earth is called the daughter of Ocean.

Were the bed of the deep sea suddenly upheaved before our eyes, what aspect would it present to us? M. Reclus is inclined to imagine that the submarine surface still preserves all its

primitive rudeness—that its rocks, cliffs, and fells uniformly present sharp and uneven edges, the marks of fracture just as on the day when the solid rock was first cleft. "There are in the depths of the sea no frosts to break off projecting peaks, no lightnings to split, no glaciers to carry them or crumble them away, no meteoric influences to corrode and round them." He hardly dwells sufficiently, we may be sure, upon the solvent power inherent in water itself, apart from all consideration of its density and pressure, or upon the vast and ceaseless sedimentary deposits which clothe the primitive nakedness of the depths with their soft covering. Tracts there may be where, from the action of a submarine current, the rocky bed is not covered by any organic alluvium. Our author quotes the case of a fragment of quartz and several pieces of basalt having been drawn up by Wallich from a depth of more than six hundred fathoms in the deepest part of the great arm of the sea which separates the Faroe Islands from Great Britain. But it is quite possible, he allows, for these fragments to have been dropped by an iceberg. At the same time we may refer to the surprise which was felt, on the recovery of the Transatlantic cable, at the slight amount of coating which it had received in two years from the Atlantic ooze. The aspect of tracts which have emerged from under water at a comparatively recent epoch, such as the Landes of France, the lowlands which have replaced the Gulf of Poitou, a great part of the Sahara, or the Pampas of La Plata, gives indications of regular level or smooth undulating slope. With our utmost command of sounding apparatus it has hitherto been impossible to arrive at abrupt or extreme transitions of level at great depths, or to lay down with any precision a profile of submarine mountain heights. Tremendous fissures or depressions, together with steep elevations and ascents, have indeed been ascertained to exist, of which M. Reclus brings together notable examples from the charts of the Mediterranean, the Cape De Verde group, and the Malay Archipelago. If we can trust the soundings of Captain Ringgold, the ocean depth in the last-named instance is no less than eight miles and three-quarters. The abruptness of rise, however, in these sub-oceanic inclines does not in all probability vary very much from that of known terrestrial ranges.

The chemical composition and specific gravity of the various sea-basins have been subjected to very careful analysis. The mean weight of sea water is set down at 1,028, or 2·8 per cent. above that of distilled water. The intense evaporation of the Mediterranean raises the specific gravity of its waters to more than 1,029, while the copious fresh water discharges into the Black Sea lower its weight to 1,016. The latest observations of Forchhammer have fixed the average of all the salts in ocean water at 34·40 parts in 1,000, out of which the total quantity of common salt (chloride of sodium) held in solution amounts to more than three-quarters (75·786). M. Reclus gives a table of a dozen different seas, varying from 43 parts in 1,000 in the Red Sea, to five parts in the Baltic, and even as low as two parts off Kronstadt. The formation of "limans," or salt marshes and basins, is explained. Other substances besides common salt which are in many instances found in inland waters and hot springs enter also into the composition of sea water. Either by direct analysis of the liquid, or by study of the plants which draw their nourishment from the ocean, twenty-eight such simple elements have been discovered. After oxygen and hydrogen, which constitute the fluid mass itself, there come among these chlorine, nitrogen, carbon, bromine, iodine, fluorine, sulphur, phosphorus, silicon, sodium, potassium, boron (?), aluminium, magnesium, calcium, strontium, and barium. The ashes of *Fucus vesiculosus* have yielded copper, lead, and zinc, and those of *Zostera marina* cobalt, nickel, and manganese. Iron is to be obtained directly by analysis of sea water, and arsenic is freely deposited in the boilers of ocean steamers. Silver is found in a zoophyte, the *Pocillopora*, as well as in the precipitate formed upon ships' copper sheathing under magnetic agency, to such an extent that the total mass of silver contained in the ocean has been estimated at two millions of tons. The proper colour of sea water, its various local or casual tints, with their causes, and its transparency at great depths, open a wide, and as yet indefinite, subject of inquiry; as does also the phosphorescence of its surface, and its connexion with the presence of living organisms, to which the author reverts in a later section on "The Earth and its Fauna," illustrating it by microscopic delineations of *foraminifera* dredged up from great ocean depths. The law of the distribution of temperature, scarcely more determinate as yet than that of the colour of the sea, is one which specially awaits the result of the scientific expedition just despatched from our shores. This portion of M. Reclus's speculations is in consequence one which most admits of being left in abeyance. On the formation of ice-floes and bergs, recent observations have brought us a large accession of definite knowledge. The actual launch of ponderous masses from the mighty glaciers of the Polar shores has been witnessed, and the tracks laid down (in charts such as those of either hemisphere sketched in figs. 13 and 17), by which these floating masses are borne along, to drop, as they finally must, their freight of rocky debris, the material, it may be, of banks like that of Newfoundland, over 55,000 square miles in extent, if not of whole continents yet to be.

The primary causes of oceanic currents are beyond doubt the sun's heat and the rotation of the earth on its axis. But so many secondary or local causes come in to affect the resulting phenomena, that, like the tides, they have been found as yet only partially reducible to definite laws. Not only the configuration of the land, but the great periodical wind currents, are elements to be taken into account in working out the general theory of ocean circulation. In this department of science much has to be

* *The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life; being the Second Series of a Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe.* By Elisée Reclus. Translated by the late B. B. Woodward, M.A., and Edited by Henry Woodward, F.R.S., of the British Museum. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

expected from the mission of the *Challenger*. In the meanwhile M. Reclus gives in his second book a succinct and clear account of what has been done both by practical observation and philosophical research towards laying at least the foundation of the problem.

The great equatorial basin heated by the solar rays gives off a quantity of watery vapour estimated by Maury at about fourteen feet annually, the amount raised from the Atlantic being nearly one hundred and twenty trillions of cubic yards, representing a cubic mass of water nearly thirty miles in extent. A great proportion of this water being carried away by the trade-winds and other aerial currents, notwithstanding that much of it falls back into the sea in the shape of rain, an immense void is made, into which rushes the superabundant mass of water from the polar basin, where the contributions of snow, rain, and ice, exceed the loss in vapour. Thus are formed the two great primary currents which meet one another from the opposite Poles in the Atlantic and Pacific, incessantly describing a regular orbit, like the celestial bodies. The steady flow of the great currents is moreover accelerated by the trade-winds, themselves set in motion by the equatorial heat, and driving before them the oceanic waves. Were the mass of water continually flowing from the Poles to the Equator exactly equal to that which is evaporated by the sun's heat, the Arctic currents would be arrested under the Tropics, and no return movement would be effected towards the Poles. But this equilibrium is overcome by the trade-winds; and in addition there is the rotary movement of the earth which bears the whole ocean mass from west to east. On their way to the Equator these waters have to cross latitudes whose speed of rotation is greater than their own, being thus constantly drawn obliquely towards the west, or in retardation of their proper motion, acquiring hence an apparent motion westwards in relation to the surface of the sea. Upon their meeting in the Tropics, the two Polar currents, being both affected by a side movement, strike each other obliquely, then reunite in the same oceanic flood, and flow directly towards the west in the direction opposed to the movement of the solid earth. The form of the continental masses determines the distribution of the great equatorial current into branches or ocean rivers, of which there are in the main five. The Atlantic and the Pacific have alike their double circulatory system, formed of two immense eddies, united in the torrid zone by a common equatorial current. The Indian Ocean, the fifth great oceanic river, being bounded on the north by the continent of Asia, has but one simple current, turning incessantly in its vast basin between Australia and Africa. Of all these ocean rivers the best known to us, and that which is of most importance to us, from its influence on our climate and on the development of our commerce, is that part of the North Atlantic current which has long been known as the Gulf Stream. The Gulf of Mexico plays, indeed, but a minor part in the action of this gigantic eddy, the history of which is almost identical with that of the entire North Atlantic Ocean; and in that sense exception may justly be taken to the name. The larger views of geographers embodied in M. Reclus's summary trace the relations of this stream to the main mass of the ocean, to the configuration of the continents and islands which determine its channel, and the atmospheric agencies which unite in giving it its beneficent influences; together with which will be found ample information upon the volume, the set, the temperature, and other particulars belonging to the waters of each branch of the Gulf Stream.

In his second part, on *The Atmosphere and Meteorology*, M. Reclus treats of the air as the agent of the vital circulation of the globe, passing on to the general phenomena of pressure, its diurnal and annual oscillation as represented by isobarometric lines, and the irregular variations which constitute the debateable or as yet scarcely invaded land of meteorology. The trade-winds and monsoons are shown to obey laws of circulation and equilibrium analogous to those of the denser oceanic currents. Of the two theories of Dove and Mühry accounting for the counter aerial current which sets in against the north-east trade-wind and glides below it in the direction of the Pole, the preference is given rightly to Mühry's view of the parallelism of the two currents, their similar curvature being due to the attraction exercised in the polar regions by the wind which descends towards the Equator, modified as it is by the effects of the earth's rotation. Fig. 106 gives a fair idea of the variation of the winter and summer trades over the continents of Africa and Europe, and fig. 107 extends the view to the trades and monsoons of the Atlantic. The law of storms, or aerial eddies or cyclones, set forth in a series of four chapters, forms one of the clearest and most valuable portions of M. Reclus's work. At the basis of this great discovery, the most vital safeguard that science has yet put into the hands of seamen, lies the primary fact of terrestrial rotation. The same cause determines the spiral movement of the great aerial tourbillon in the direction with watch hands in the south, and against watch hands in the northern hemisphere. The principle of continuity and harmony which science tends everywhere to establish in nature rules, indeed, throughout M. Reclus's whole treatment of natural phenomena. We have left ourselves no space for noticing the admirable chain of research and reasoning by which he draws out the plan of life upon the earth, with its successive stages of flora and fauna, culminating in man, his evolution and progress, and the influence with which he in turn reacts upon the earth. M. Reclus has, it is well known, what are called advanced ideas. His survey of the great mother earth inspires him with hopefulness for the time "when her sons shall have all embraced as brothers, and have succeeded in establishing the grand confederation of

free nations." His untoward zeal in this direction was lately, to the distress of all friends of science, the means of bringing him into trouble. The beneficent weapons with which reason aims at securing freedom and happiness for all seem to have been inauspiciously allied with the violence of the barricade and torch of the Communist. We sincerely rejoiced when the French Government felt itself justified in showing leniency to so able and eminent a man, and we trust that, eschewing the angry strife or the tortuous ways of politics, he may devote himself to making the world the happier and the richer for those treasures of science which he is so well able to unfold.

MARCHMONT OF REDLANDS.*

MISS MAINE has made a decided advance in her present story. The first volume is in our opinion really impressive, and though the second and final volume is not equally satisfactory, the novel is one which engages our attention to the end. The cause of the inequality of the execution is obvious enough. In the opening scenes Miss Maine states a very interesting problem; but she is too amiable, or has not sufficient courage, to work out the natural solution. After placing her characters in a very striking situation, she does not, in our opinion at least, make the best of it. Many authors fail from a certain tender-heartedness to pursue their plot to a legitimate development; and we fear that Miss Maine is not an exception to the rule. She becomes so fond of her characters that she forgets that the most amiable and the most vigorous of imaginary heroes ought to be sacrificed without remorse to the exigencies of a novel. When a writer has created a lovely heroine, he often falls in love with her himself, and forgets that the only excuse for creating her at all is to crush her under the overwhelming force of circumstances, so as to exhibit the beauty of suffering. It would be wrong to torture a real person to death in order that we might be edified by the admirable sentiments which are evolved in the process; but the objection does not apply to the fictitious beings the final cause of whose imaginary existence is to contribute to our enjoyment. A novelist should be as pitiless to the creations of his fancy as fate is pitiless to real human creatures; and a little untimely compassion has spoiled the interest of a good many otherwise excellent novels. To illustrate this principle we will state very shortly the main facts related in *Marchmont of Redlands*.

Isabel Home is a beautiful and engaging young lady. She is full of sentiment and imagination, and, in short, is a thoroughly feminine person, with whom any intelligent young man would do well to fall head over ears in love. Isabel lives with her father, a shrewd and rather proud Scotch squire. She has been engaged almost since her childhood to Harry Graham, a rather lazy young gentleman, the son of Mr. Home's oldest friend and neighbour. The young couple are not very passionately in love, but are content to accept their engagement as a convenient and in every way respectable arrangement. Whilst the family are staying on the Lake of Como, on their return from an Italian tour, they accidentally fall in with Charley Marchmont, the young man who gives his name to the novel. Now Mr. Marchmont is in many respects a very attractive youth. He is not much more energetic than Harry Graham, Isabel's affianced lover. But, on the other hand, he is very handsome; he has a beautiful voice and a strong natural taste for music; and he has wonderful dreamy eyes which are apt to impress themselves upon the feminine imagination. It is not strange that Isabel finds herself attracted to this romantic youth, in spite of her previous engagement. In fact, she very rapidly begins to discover that she is really falling in love for the first time in her life. Nothing can be more natural for a sentimental young lady staying on the Lake of Como in the society of a romantic young gentleman. But Mr. Marchmont has a mystery hanging about him. Those dreamy eyes of his utter unspeakable and not altogether agreeable things. In fact, for we must reveal the secret, they are illuminated by hereditary madness. The poor lad has already been once distinctly out of his mind; and, although he is for the moment perfectly sane, he is aware that the ancestral curse is hanging over him, and may descend at any moment. His doctors have told him that it is essential to his sanity that he should lead a quiet life and keep as free from excitement as possible. Of course under these circumstances he seizes the first opportunity of falling in love with a young lady already engaged to somebody else. But what is he to do? He is attended by a kind of external conscience, a certain excellent Major Vaughan, the very soul of honour, who always addresses poor Marchmont as "dear boy," and is in return always addressed by him as "old man." Major Vaughan speedily detects the symptoms of an approaching attack of violent falling in love. Moreover, being the soul of honour, he gives the only possible advice to his young friend, and recommends him to follow the excellent precedent set by Colonel Newcome in his only campaign story, and to run away. Circumstances, however, as they are bound to do, frustrate this excellent counsel, and Mr. Marchmont finds himself making a declaration to Isabel, though, with praiseworthy honesty, he informs her at the same time of his tendency to insanity. Here, then, is a very pretty complication. What is Miss Isabel to do? We must not blame her too severely if,

* *Marchmont of Redlands*. By E. S. Maine. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

partly out of compassion, and by way of sparing Mr. Marchmont any unnecessary excitement, she accepts the new love before she is off with the old. Many gushing young ladies have thought the bad character of a lover a reason for marrying him, with a view to post-nuptial reform; and surely it is a legitimate proceeding to marry a gentleman to prevent his going mad. Indeed Mr. Marchmont ingeniously insinuates the argument that the excitement of a refusal would go far to upset his sanity, and the lady shrinks from exposing him to such a shock. She goes yet a step further. She feels that her father would forbid the connexion; and she therefore agrees to a clandestine marriage. She even suffers her first lover to continue under the delusion that she means to marry him, and looks on, though with some disapproval, whilst her second lover treacherously takes advantage of his friendship with the first to arrange interviews and to prepare for an elopement. Finally, without having given the slightest intimation of her purpose to her father, mother, or the gentleman to whom she is engaged, Isabel calmly walks into Kensington Church one morning, marries her half-sane lover, and goes off with him to his country house; for Mr. Marchmont is a rich country gentleman and, in every respect but his tendency to madness, a highly desirable match.

This, then, is the statement of the problem; and so far we are very much interested, and have little to say that is not in praise of the story. But how should the consequences be worked out? That the novel must have something of a tragic termination is obvious. After our feelings have been worked upon by descriptions of the curse which is to fall upon poor Marchmont, it is plain that he cannot be let off. Moreover, he has been guilty of distinctly dishonourable conduct in inducing Isabel to marry him; he perhaps deserves some negative credit for not concealing from her his hereditary tendency, although the confession was requisite in order to explain the necessity for a clandestine match. But he clearly had no business to marry at all, and he had no business to behave with duplicity towards his rival. Mr. Marchmont therefore deserves capital punishment, by all the laws which regulate the world of fiction. Isabel, though less guilty, must share his fate. Having with her eyes open linked herself to the fortunes of a man who is in so tragic a situation, she must suffer equally. We do not say that she deserves a capital sentence, but at least she should be sentenced to penal servitude for life; or, in the accustomed phraseology of novelists, she should be dismissed on the last page to live very unhappily ever afterwards. These are, in our opinion, essential conditions of the story. To bring it to a happy ending would be as absurd as to tack to *Hamlet* a catastrophe like that of *Measure for Measure*, and let the curtain fall upon general forgiveness and a collection of happy couples, instead of horror and a row of dead bodies. We can easily imagine how the situation would have been treated by a writer of the school of Miss Brontë. The awful shadow of madness which darkens the earlier pages of the story would gradually have grown blacker and deeper, and the poor lady in her lonely house, with a husband becoming daily more dangerous and excitable, would have drunk her cup of horror to the dregs. We can dimly imagine the scenes which would have thrilled our senses—how a dark suspicion would creep forth at intervals, to be forcibly suppressed for a time; how it would steadily grow darker and more tangible in spite of every temporary success in beating it back; and how at last it would flash into terrible certainty, and some grim catastrophe wind up the book, and the life of at least Mr. Marchmont. The lady would have been doomed to expiate her errors by becoming the guardian of a lunatic all the more dangerous because the secret of his madness would require careful concealment. If her own sanity had not given way under the strain, at least her nerves must have permanently broken down, and nothing but a maimed existence have been henceforth possible. The horrors of her situation would have been increased by the alienation of her father, who was naturally disgusted with the man who had stolen his daughter from him; and something would have been made of the devoted friend of the husband, who did his best to prevent the match at first, and afterwards was distracted between his old regard for the poor half-lunatic and his extreme disapproval of the marriage.

Now Miss Maine is aware of these sources of interest, and, to some extent, turns them to account. The father grumbles at the match, and refuses to see his son-in-law; but somehow he fails very much to impress us. He is intended to be a reserved but deeply affectionate Scotchman, whose external manners are cold, but who is capable of strong passions when aroused. He therefore takes the affair rather quietly at first, and we look out for the subsequent outbreak. Unluckily it never comes, and Mr. Home is left to act the part of sulky father in a very wooden manner until the end of the story. Major Vaughan too, the soul of honour of whom we have spoken, rather disappoints us in the same way. He melts too speedily and with too few pangings of self-reproach. That he should forgive his young friend is right enough, but he takes matters rather too easily, and assumes at once the ordinary position of a sensible friend of the family. The half-mad Mr. Marchmont is supposed to feel a certain jealousy of his Mentor's relations to his wife. Nothing can be more natural and more characteristic of an intellect wavering on the verge of sanity. But Miss Maine becomes too fond of her madman to allow the passion to run its natural course. From sheer excess of amiable feeling, she makes Mr. Marchmont, after showing the dispositions to jealousy and to deceitful cunning which are characteristic of a

lunatic, behave in all practical matters with the utmost delicacy and kindness. He is pathetic rather after the fashion of an ordinary mortal who is conscious that heart disease or consumption will shorten his life than of a man of partially disordered intellect. He tries, it is true, to drown himself on one occasion; but he makes the attempt out of pure kindness to his wife and friend, and we are inclined to agree with Major Vaughan's conclusion that the poor young man was never more sane in his life. Isabel again suffers, as she could hardly help suffering, from her doubts of her husband's sanity; but she has no very great agony to go through. The husband indulges in no overt acts of a very questionable kind; and everybody behaves with so much kindness and consideration that the awful prospect before her seems rather to be an inconvenience than a cause for harrowing anxiety. When the catastrophe finally occurs, it results rather from an interposition of Providence than from the natural development of the elements of danger provided. Mr. Marchmont has not yet become dangerous, or even distinctly disagreeable, when he breaks his neck in riding over an awkward fence; and the knot is immediately cut. Of course it is unpleasant for his wife, but we feel that she has been let off rather easily, and we take leave of her at the end of the novel very contentedly acting the part of an amiable aunt, and not without some indirect intimations leading us to suppose that she may ultimately marry again, and forget, so far as it is desirable that she should forget, the anxieties of her married life. We must confess that all this rather disappoints us, and seems to provide a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion to the most serious interest of the opening part of the story. The trial for which we have been so carefully prepared turns out to be much more endurable than we had supposed; and folly, deceit, and ill-regulated passion lead to nothing very terrible. But for the accident in the hunting-field the lady and her husband might apparently have ended by enjoying themselves very heartily. If we could regard the story as still unpublished, we should recommend Miss Maine to rewrite the second volume, and bring the conclusion a little more into harmony with the opening. As it is, we can only say that it is lively and well written, and that the merits of the first half incline us to hope that Miss Maine may improve still further in her next attempt.

WICKS'S BRITISH CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT.*

WE watch with some curiosity the large class of books which seem to be called into being by the new Education Act. The present is one of the number. It describes itself in its title-page as "A Reading and Lesson Book for Senior Classes," and as "suitable for the Fourth and higher Standards of the Code." If so, the Fourth and higher Standards of the Code rank decidedly higher than the wonderful class of people, whoever they are, for whom Competitive Geographies and all other Competitive cram-books are written. We do not mean that Mr. Wicks's book is at all the sort of thing that we should really wish to see; but he is by no means so silly and blundering as the Competitive people. Of course no real good will be done till either thorough scholars condescend, as in some subjects they are beginning to do, to write elementary books on their own subjects, or at least till the compilers learn to keep up with the last lights of scholars, instead of lagging, as they commonly do, two or three generations behind. Thus Mr. Wicks gives us as his fifteenth chapter, "A Brief Sketch of the Growth of the Constitution," and adds:—

Upon all controverted points dealt with in this chapter the conclusions of Hallam are adopted; and the student who desires to pursue the subject is referred to the eighth and ninth chapters of his "View of the State of Europe in the Middle Ages," and to his "Constitutional History of England."

Now, had Mr. Wicks written forty, or even thirty years ago, nothing could have been better; indeed, for a large part of the subject, nothing could be better now. No one guide is so thoroughly trustworthy as Hallam during the time, say, from Edward the First onwards, which Hallam thoroughly understood. Hallam, within this range, is one of the few writers to whom it is safe to turn if we want to find out a thing in a trice, when there is no time to hunt it up in the original authorities. Whatever we find—and we shall sometimes find an incapacity to grasp some views of the subject—we shall find no unfairness and no blunders. We say, of course, within his own range, for there are parts of Hallam which seem not to represent any original work at all, and which are of very little value. We should not speak thus of Hallam's treatment of the early English history, for it represents the very best work that was to be had at the time, though that is a time which the researches of modern scholarship, German and English, have left altogether behind. But Mr. Wicks will have Hallam, and nothing but Hallam: to him the discoveries of modern scholars would most likely seem "controverted points," on which it saves trouble to adopt Hallam's "conclusions," though Hallam can hardly be said to have formed conclusions on points which were never really discussed till after his time. It follows therefore that all the early part of Mr. Wicks's Constitutional History, whether suitable or not to the Fourth and higher Standards of the Code, is quite behind the standard of modern scholarship. It might

* *The British Constitution and Government: a Description of the Way in which the Laws of England are made and administered, together with an Account of the Functions of the Chief Officers in every Department of the State, and a Brief Sketch of the Growth of the Constitution.* By Frederick Wicks. London: Collings & Appleton. 1872.

easily have been much worse; we have seen many things of the kind that are much worse; because Mr. Wicks has at least taken Hallam for his guide, while many other compilers have taken much worse guides, or no guides at all. What we most complain of is that Mr. Wicks is, after all, not satisfied with his Hallam. If Hallam was not—as how should he be?—up to the lights of the generations which have come up since his time, he had at least too much sense to write a heap of stuff about Phenicians, Britons, and Romans, as any part of the history of the English Constitution. Hallam begins with what he—pardonably, in his day—calls “The Saxon Heptarchy;” nothing before. This is not far enough back for Mr. Wicks; he must needs go back to Herodotus and the Cassiterides; and anybody would think, from his account, that Herodotus talked about England, if not about Britain. And so we go on with the regular sort of thing; every care being taken to confound Britons and Englishmen, which Hallam certainly never taught any one to do.

The later part of the historical sketch, where Mr. Wicks does for the most part follow Hallam, and perhaps for that reason cuts things mighty short after 1688, is fairly enough done, and it has the great merit of being quite clear from nonsense and fine writing. We may say the same of by far the greater part of the first fourteen chapters, which give a straightforward and sensible and commonly accurate account of the Constitution, the different branches of government and their working, of the theory and the practice of each. The chapters on the Crown, the Cabinet, the Houses of Parliament, and all matters of that kind, are fairly done, and several matters are explained about which there are popular misconceptions. It is, for instance, quite necessary to explain that the principal Secretaries of State are all alike the principal Secretaries of State, and that the division of particular branches among them—Home Office, Foreign Office, and so forth—is simply matter of convenience. This distinction of course was a very practical one as long as a seat in Parliament was vacated by change in office as well as by acceptance of office. That is to say, if the Home Secretary was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, he vacated his seat, because he had been appointed to a new office; but if he became Foreign Secretary, he did not vacate his seat, because in the eye of the law he still held the same office which he did before. So, if there are people who fancy that anybody is called Right Honourable because he is a member of the “Government” or the “Ministry,” it is well for Mr. Wicks to explain that it is being a Privy Councillor which makes a man Right Honourable, and to set forth what cannot be too clearly set forth, that the “Government” or the “Ministry” is a body of which the law knows nothing. We do not say that Mr. Wicks has brought this out with all the fulness and clearness with which it would be well to bring it out; for it is really the conventional nature of that system of unwritten understandings which we call the Constitution as distinguished from the Law, that is really at the root of the matter. The peculiar and very delicate relations which exist between the “Government,” the two Houses of Parliament, and the country at large, derive all their virtue from being unwritten understandings which have been worked into a particular shape, and may be worked into some other shape, just as circumstances may make it needful. The whole beauty and flexibility of the thing would be gone if the Cabinet should ever become a body defined by law. Mr. Wicks has a good enough chapter on the responsibility of Ministers, though some of these points might perhaps be more forcibly set forth. But he should hardly say, when describing the process and effects of a vote of want of confidence in a Ministry passed by the House of Commons, “This is called a Ministerial crisis and the motion a motion of want of confidence.” Any one might think from this that “Ministerial crisis” was a real name. A motion of want of confidence is all right enough, because those words, or words to that effect, may very likely be the real terms of the motion, but “Ministerial crisis” is mere slang, just like “question,” “tragedy,” or “catastrophe.” With all this part relating to Ministerial and Parliamentary matters as at present understood, Mr. Wicks has evidently taken great pains, and if the senior classes for whom his book is meant as a reading and lesson book get it thoroughly up, it will be all the better for them.

But, while Mr. Wicks is thus far successful as regards the present state of the general administration of the country, he treads on much less firm ground when he gets into the past, by no means a distant past, or when he gets away from the general into the local administration of the country. Here, for instance, is a piece of history which has puzzled us a good deal:—

Some think it very singular that such officials as these—the Master of the Horse and the Mistress of the Robes, for instance—should go out of office with the Prime Minister; but it is held by very high authorities that these officers, who hold in some cases almost daily intercourse with the Sovereign, might exercise such influence over the King or Queen, or both, as materially to interfere with the advice given by the more responsible minister, and thus prevent good government. The Duke of Wellington felt this so strongly that when, in 1828, he was required by the King to form an administration, he declined the responsibility, unless he was allowed to appoint the Mistress of the Robes to the Queen. The point was conceded, but as the Duke had no objection to the lady who formerly held the office returning to it, he advised his Majesty to reappoint her. The Duke of Wellington foresaw that, although there was little probability of the lady who then held the office of Mistress of the Robes interfering with the counsels of the King, it might not be so at some time in the future, when it would perhaps be more difficult to correct the evil.

Now, as we are writing in 1873, we naturally know less about the year 1828 than about either earlier or later times. But we cannot understand how there could have been any question in that year

about the office of Mistress of the Robes to the Queen. Whether the wardrobe of the First Gentleman in Europe anyhow needed a Mistress of the Robes to look after it, we are not courtiers enough even to guess. But surely, wonderful as the confusion seems to be, Mr. Wicks must have somehow mixed up the formation of the Duke of Wellington's Ministry in 1828 with Sir Robert Peel's attempt to form a Ministry in 1839, which, as all the world knows, failed because of what was called the Bedchamber Question. So again, to go further back, we read in the account of the Treasury:—

Formerly the chief of the department was styled the Lord High Treasurer, but in 1612 it was thought advisable to place the office in commission, that is, to distribute the duties and responsibilities of the office among several persons, who are styled Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury.

And again, speaking of the Admiralty:—

But the office of Lord High Admiral also, like the office of Lord High Treasurer, was in 1688 put into commission, that is to say, the duties of the office were distributed among several persons, who are called Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. They are five in number, including the First Lord.

Does Mr. Wicks really think that there has been no Lord High Admiral since 1688; and, more wonderful still, no Lord High Treasurer since 1612? After this it is perhaps hardly needful to say that Mr. Wicks, when talking about the law of succession to the Crown, would have done better not to run the risk of cutting his fingers with the law of the Salian Franks. And, to come back a bit to our own times, considering that Sir John Coleridge is not Lord Chancellor, there is something funny about the following statement:—

The office of Attorney-General, though of great dignity and importance of itself, is of still greater importance when regarded as a stepping-stone to higher office. Whenever the Lord Chancellorship becomes vacant by any occurrence other than a change of Government, the appointment is usually offered to the Attorney-General, who by custom also expects the first offer of any position among the judges that may become vacant during his term of office.

When we come to local matters, Mr. Wicks gets a little queer. Perhaps his ideas are “metropolitan,” and he may despise “the provinces.” The English Justice of the Peace, “worthy gentleman,” as he doubtless is, will hardly know himself in Mr. Wicks's picture:—

County Justices are now appointed by Commission, from among the most worthy gentlemen resident in the county in which they have jurisdiction. Their powers, which are various and include the levying of rates for the maintenance of the highway, are all set forth in Acts of Parliament constituting them authorities in the matters they administer, but their most important duty is still the preservation of good order in their respective neighbourhoods and the dispensing of justice. For the latter purpose they sit at stated times to hear and decide complaints, to consider charges against persons brought up in the custody of the police, to commit them to prison in certain cases of small degree, or to await trial by a superior Court in graver cases.

We never heard of the worthy gentlemen in question levying rates for the repair of the highway. But Mr. Wicks tells us so again in another place:—

In the counties, the Justices of the Peace appoint and control the county police, maintain the prisons, prosecute supposed offenders, and in most cases keep the highways in repair. The custom by which the Justices, who are appointed by the Crown, levy rates and expend the revenue so raised, forms the single exception to the Constitutional rule that taxation should go hand in hand with representation.

Mr. Wicks gives no clear account of Petty Sessions, Quarter Sessions, Boards of Guardians, Highway Boards, or any other matters of the kind, anywhere except in “the metropolis.” “Provincial Corporations” he does condescend to. A Grand Jury, we are told, “is usually composed of men occupying a somewhat higher position in life than common jurors.” Sessions and Assizes seem to be much the same to Mr. Wicks, and it would perhaps be dangerous to tell him that, according to a great authority, Grand Jurors ought to be taken from among “gentlemen of the best figure in the county.” Such a description might haply have suggested to an unsophisticated mind the notion that Grand Jurors are chosen *καλλιστίνην*, like King Saul.

As we have often to say, we are thankful for small mercies and we do not despise the day of small things. So we do honour to Mr. Wicks, because his book might easily have been worse. But surely, if such beings as compilers must be, they might take some little pains to keep up with the march of knowledge in their own times.

THE GALLICAN CHURCH.*

FRANCE has long prided herself, and not without reason, on her title of “the eldest daughter of the Church.” For some five centuries, from the beginning of the Avignon “captivity” to the Revolution, the Gallican Church was the chief factor in the religious history of Western Christendom. And even in the deep decline of her later days, since her “liberties” were trampled in the dust by the joint action of Pope and Emperor in the Concordat of 1801, and a mere shadow of her former self survived, it is still to the French clergy and the French episcopate that we must look for such scattered sparks of independent intellectual life as had not been wholly crushed out under the dead weight of Ultramontane despotism. It is true indeed that the Ultramont-

* *A History of the Church of France, from the Concordat of Bologna, A.D. 1516, to the Revolution.* By Rev. W. H. Jervis, M.A. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1872.

tane reaction of the present century owes its first impulse and its position in the world of thought to French writers like De Maistre and Lamennais, but that reaction was itself originally a protest against a civil tyranny in Church matters which had ceased to be either religious or respectable. And we see in the final rebellion of Lamennais, and the indignant recoil of Montalembert from the once cherished "idol of the Vatican," how little its early leaders had foreseen the tendency of their brilliant but paradoxical speculations. There are then abundant reasons why students of ecclesiastical history should turn with peculiar interest to the history of the Church of France, and the fact referred to by Mr. Jervis, that no connected work on the subject was to be found in our language, would be certainly remarkable were it not also true that until of late years we had no Church historian at all to refer to except Gibbon, and even now are too often constrained to supplement the picturesque narrative of Milman by translations of Neander, or Döllinger, or Gieseler. And, accordingly, vague notions and detached scraps of information about the Gallican Liberties, or the Port-Royalists, or the Huguenots, make up the sum of what the majority even of well-educated Englishmen know about the Church of Pascal and Fénelon and Bossuet. It is this deficiency in our literature which Mr. Jervis has set himself to supply, and, we may say at the outset, with very considerable success. He combines the separable, and not unfrequently separate, qualifications of an historian and a divine, and is thus able to trace the doctrinal as well as the chronological sequence of the phenomena under review; and this is no unimportant point in dealing with a period which includes, to go no further, the vexed questions of Gallicanism, Jansenism, and Quietism. And he writes with that keen interest in his subject which we agree with him in thinking is consistent with impartiality, but not with indifference, and which is unquestionably essential to any effective treatment. It is certainly not necessary for an impartial writer "to have no fixed principles, or to seek to conceal them," so long only as he does not allow his predilections to warp his critical judgment. Any one, for instance, who has compared Thirlwall's History of Greece with Grote's will readily appreciate the difference between a learned, able, and impartial work, which is nevertheless too colourless to leave any vivid impression on the memory, and a work at least equally learned, and in the main quite as trustworthy, but which derives from the pronounced political principles of the writer a dramatic unity and force, so to speak, which arrest the reader's attention, and secure for the leading facts a permanent lodgment in his mind. We do not say that Mr. Jervis is another Grote, but we do say that he has for the first time presented the history of the later French Church as a connected whole in an English dress, and with a mastery of detail and power of grouping and of graphic narration which completely carry the reader along with him throughout, and cannot fail to be most serviceable to the student. He has had not only the copious treasures of French literature in ecclesiastical history, biography, and antiquities to draw from, but also two vast collections bearing the stamp of official authority—the *Recueil des actes, titres, et mémoires concernant les affaires du clergé de France*, comprised under six heads, and extending from 1645 to 1771, and the *Collection des procès-verbaux des assemblées générales du clergé de France*, extending from 1560 to 1786. Of the principle on which he conceives Church history should be written—and which indeed applies in the main to all history—we will let him speak for himself, the more so as the passage is also a fair specimen of his ordinary style:—

Yet the eclectic mode of dealing with Church history, in sections capriciously detached from their context, is always attended with more or less disadvantage. It is questionable whether the events of any given passage of the Church's life can be rightly interpreted except in connexion with the lessons and experience both of antecedent and of subsequent times. All Christian ages are intensely cognate. The history of any one of them demands, as its full complement and ultimate elucidation, the history of all. If the law of continuity—the mysterious concatenation of cause and effect—be a recognized principle in the world of nature, much more does it reign supreme over the Spiritual Economy. Inmundane concerns its precise operation must often be matter of uncertain speculation. Human institutions vary with the "spirit of the age"; and it is not always easy to account for the fluctuations of that extremely volatile and fugitive element in the history of nations. Political dynasties rise and fall; one race succeeds another on the proud pinnacle of earthly domination; art and science, philosophy and literature, social refinement, industrial enterprise, military prestige, migrate from clime to clime, sink and decay, revive and flourish—by steps which in all cases are difficult to analyse, and in some are so obscure as to elude investigation. But the organization of the Church is Divine and changeless. Its external polity, its doctrine, its laws, its ordinances, as they were received in the days *e.g.* of Augustine or Gregory the Great, are no mere matters of curiosity for the antiquary or of criticism for the scholar, but matters of universal interest, facts of ever-enduring moment, decisions for all time. The threefold cord of continuity—continuity (1) of government, (2) of doctrinal faith, (3) of Sacramental Grace—may be said to constitute the "philosophy" of Christian history. To this normal law of its being, to this vital interpretative principle, all the multifarious details of the Church's action may be referred. This is the secret of its marvellous strength; the sufficient explanation of its mightiest triumphs.

It will of course be remembered that Mr. Jervis is not writing a History of France, but of the French Church, and this sufficiently accounts for his passing almost *à côté* over many points which would otherwise have demanded complete and careful treatment. Thus, for instance, very little is said of the general principles of Richelieu's or Mazarin's policy, or of the League, or of the attitude of Sixtus V. towards it and towards Henry IV.—this last point, we think, might with advantage have been further dwelt upon—while the wars of the Fronde, and the part De Retz played in them, are dismissed in a few lines. There is nothing to find fault with here.

Even those who insist with Dean Stanley that ecclesiastical and secular history simply mean the same subject looked at from different sides, must admit that, for any adequate understanding, the two aspects require separate treatment. It would be as much out of place to discuss wars and political intrigues at length in a work like the present as to enter into an elaborate investigation of the theological merits of Jansenism and Quietism in an ordinary History of France. The period selected by Mr. Jervis extends virtually from the beginning of the Reformation to the Revolution, but he has prefixed an important introductory chapter, which must by no means be skipped in reading, on the previous history of the Gallican Church. And it is here that the origin and true significance of what is called "Gallicanism" is most directly expounded. Like many other terms ending in "ism," it is susceptible of more senses, than one. It may be interpreted merely as denoting the principle of national and episcopal independence in the Church, within the limits of canon law and visible intercommunion, as contrasted with the Roman system of centralized despotism; and in this sense it is true to say that Gallicanism is an appeal to the discipline of the ancient Church. But the word at least connotes something more than this, and the author is not going too far when he speaks of it as "the Christianity of the French people." In its later and more distinctive phase it was something not only essentially French, but inseparably bound up with the existing political régime of France, and for that reason, if for no other, it fell once for all with the Bourbon monarchy. The divine right which was claimed by our own Caroline divines for the Stuarts was not less expressly vindicated by the contemporary school of French theologians, or less imperiously exercised by their sovereigns. "Whatever was wrested from the Pope," says Mr. Jervis—truly enough if that period be referred to—"was appropriated to the Crown," and thus the favourite Ultramontane taunt about Gallican liberties being really "Gallican servitudes" has a side of truth. "The Pope had enslaved the Councils of the Church; the Crown suppressed them." We may notice some examples of this by and by, but meanwhile it is necessary to insist on the distinction, because the word Gallican is not unfrequently applied with ignorant or studied inaccuracy to parties and principles which have little in common with it. There is an obvious convenience from the Ultramontane point of view in attempting to saddle the Liberal Catholics of the present day with a nickname which suggests at once the insinuation of Erastianism and of failure, and which is wholly inadequate, even where it is not an anachronism. In a broad sense, no doubt, "the Gallican Church was always Gallican," and may some day become Gallican again; but in the special and complex sense of the Pragmatic Sanction and the Declaration of 1682, and the ecclesiastical policy of Louis XIV., Gallicanism was the result of a combination of social and political conditions peculiar to the age and country, which can never be expected to return. How that state of things grew up may be learnt from Mr. Jervis's introduction. One passage, referring immediately to the Council of Pisa, we quote, as putting clearly and succinctly the fundamental position common to Gallicanism, in the widest sense of the word, with ancient Christianity and the so-called Liberal Catholic school of to-day:—

The remedy proposed was that of appeal to a General Council, as the supreme tribunal of Christendom—competent, should the necessity arise, to pass judgment even on the Pope himself. This is commonly quoted as one of the peculiar principles of Gallicanism; but in point of fact it is an original constitutional law of the Church Catholic. It was not contended, even by the strictest Gallicans, that the Church ought to be governed, under ordinary circumstances, by a succession of General Councils; but that such a legitimate method of final decision existed, and that the schism was an emergency which justified and necessitated its application. The Church possessed, by the charter of her Divine foundation, powers which had been granted for the express purpose of preserving her organic unity; and if she had hitherto forborne to exercise those powers under the existing calamity, it was all the more important that they should not be suffered to fall into further disuse and oblivion, while every day was adding to the inveteracy of the evils which they were designed to counteract.

We cannot, of course, undertake here to follow our author through three centuries of Church history, embracing, besides much else, such multifarious topics as the Council of Trent, the character and treatment of French Protestantism, the contest about the Crown ending in the conversion and accession of Henry IV., the ecclesiastical policy of Richelieu, the entire Jansenist episode, and the leading incidents of the Revolution in their bearing on the Church. Without agreeing with him in every particular, we think he has throughout shown a real mastery of his subject; and occasional inaccuracies of detail—as where the Feast of Corpus Christi is spoken of as "recently instituted" in 1562, just three centuries after its first institution, and when for fully two centuries and a half it had been universally observed—are to be looked for in every writer. It is to his handling of the great Jansenist controversy, which in its successive stages occupies a very considerable portion of the work, that a critic would most naturally turn as the crucial test of Mr. Jervis's competence for the task he has undertaken. On the whole it is admirable, but we think that his evident bias, not only against Jansenist theology—in which he will find many to sympathize with him, both Catholics and Protestants—but against the Jansenist party, has now and then led him into an unfair estimate (never, so far as we have observed, a mis-statement) of facts, though he holds Fénelon's attitude towards the Jansenists to be the true one, who disliked their doctrines but always treated them personally with such marked kindness that, when persecuted elsewhere, they flocked into his diocese. We do not think it fair, for instance, to twist

them with accepting the patronage of De Retz, who was at the same time held in universal honour among the clergy notwithstanding his pretty notorious irregularities, and of whom his old tutor, Vincent of Paul, a strenuous opponent of Jansenism, spoke as "not far from the Kingdom of God." And it must be remembered that their chief enemies, the Jesuits, never shrank from availing themselves of the most morally questionable alliances; indeed throughout Louis XIV.'s reign they ruled the French Church through the King's mistresses. It is worth bearing in mind, too, when so much is said about the shuffling tactics of the Jansenists, that the Jesuits were always quite as ready to play off the King against the Pope as the Pope against the King for the purpose of crushing them. Nay, more; they took a decidedly Gallican line through the reign of the *Grand Monarque*, as is here incidentally admitted, and even had a hand in drawing up the Declaration of Gallican Liberties, and in 1762 they offered to teach the Four Propositions if allowed to remain in France. One Jesuit writer went so far as to advocate the appointment of a French patriarch without the sanction of Rome. Throughout the whole struggle, while the Jansenists were not always in the right, the Jesuits were almost invariably in the wrong, and their persecuting policy only culminated in the dark plots and horrible atrocities sanctioned by the odious Le Tellier, who, as we are here told, "died despised and hated even by his own fraternity," to whose aggrandizement he had sacrificed every consideration of honour and justice. Neither again can we think it quite fair to designate the Jansenists a "factious sect," and to speak of their breaking the Peace of Clement IX., because they continued to insist on "the distinction between the *droit* and the *fait*," on which their whole position depended. This question about infallibility in "dogmatic facts" was the very one which the Peace of Clement was supposed to leave open, nor could it be called a "pacification" at all if it did not. We do not make these comments with any intention of discrediting the History generally, but simply in order to suggest what appears to us a necessary caution to the reader. No such complete and comprehensive treatment of the controversy, whether theologically or historically, from its commencement in the Roman Congregations *De Auxiliis* and the publication of the *Augustinus* to its close, exists in our language; nor do M. St.-Beuve's brilliant memoirs of Port Royal, which have all the charm of a romance, profess to satisfy the wants of either the historical inquirer or the divine, both of whom must confess their obligations to the present writer. The general moral superiority of the Jansenists to their assailants, which was the real secret of their prolonged and extensive influence, comes out the more conspicuously from the questionable character of their peculiar tenets, and their occasional shiftiness in defending them.

One other point, only incidentally connected with the controversy, is so important in itself that a word may be said upon it here. It is curious to find how a "royal supremacy," in fact if not in name, differing little from that claimed by our Tudors and Stuarts, is again and again brought into play. It was more by the action of the Crown than of the Pope that the obnoxious party, who were looked on as dangerously independent by statesmen like Richelieu and sovereigns like Louis XIV., were put down, and more than once the Pope's hand was forced by the King of France. Thus the meetings of the Assembly of the Clergy, the duration of their sessions, and the nomination of a president rested with the Crown; sometimes an extraordinary assembly of bishops selected by the Crown was held instead; it was to the King that the nine protesting prelates addressed their difficulties and scruples about the Bull *Unigenitus*. Clement XI. himself complained to the French envoy that the Bull had been extorted from him against his will by the letters of the King and Le Tellier, his Jesuit confessor. When the Pope declined to sanction a national Council, Louis resolved to summon one by his own authority, and to exclude the protesting bishops from it by virtue of his prerogative; and when a later Pope, on refusing bulls of institution to twelve bishops nominated by the Regent, was informed that his intervention would be dispensed with, "the bulls were despatched with such precipitate haste that the courier who brought them expired from fatigue on reaching Paris." These are but a few examples gathered almost at random from Mr. Jervis's pages. There are many other points of great interest on which we should have liked to dwell if our space admitted it. And we had purposed to notice the excellent chapter on the Quietists, which, by the by, might have been rendered more complete by reference to the two principal schools of mysticism at an earlier date, in Germany in the fourteenth century and in Spain in the sixteenth, both of which help to illustrate the system of Fénelon and Madame Guyon, the latter chiefly by its contrasts. But it is time to bring these remarks to a close, and in doing so it is only due to the author to say that he has supplied a real and important desideratum in English literature, and supplied it in a way which deserves grateful acknowledgment.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT.*

A MODERATE-SIZED volume published by subscription at the other end of the world, and stitched by reason of the insufficiency of the proceeds to pay for the binding, comes to remind

* *The Founders of Canterbury*; being Letters from the late Edward Gibbon Wakefield to the late John Robert Godley, and other well-known Helpers in the Foundation of Canterbury in New Zealand. Vol. I. Christchurch (N. Z.): Stevens & Co. London: Trübner & Co

us of one of the most animated chapters of our modern annals—of the days when the Colonial Office, now so blest in the enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate*, was the worst beset and best abused department of the State, stirring up bad blood and hot water in every corner of the empire, and attracting every assailant intent on smiting the Government of the day in a vulnerable place. Indications are not wanting that colonial affairs may again form a subject of eager public interest; for the present the discussion of them seems to be resigned to a crotchety class of theorists, infinitely inferior to the Wakefields, Bullers, and Molesworths of the past generation. No subject would better repay the investigation of the highest intellects; and we can suggest nothing more adapted to fascinate the attention and fire the enthusiasm of kindred spirits than this modest collection of a portion of the correspondence of the late E. G. Wakefield—a collection thrilling from one end to the other with human interest as the embodiment of the strongest emotions of one of the most ardent, vigorous, and versatile of minds. It also possesses especial importance from its relation to the history of the Church of England colony of Canterbury, New Zealand, the last and most perfect development of that great battle-ground of colonial legislators and economists, the Wakefield system. Were we to endeavour to sum up the principle of this famous project in a sentence, we should term it a substitution of the ancient system of colonization for the modern no-system—"the ordinary scramble of what is termed colonization," as Mr. Wakefield here disdainfully styles it. Mr. Wakefield, who, though educated at Westminster, ingenuously confesses his shyness of Latin and awe of Greek, had probably little knowledge of the methods of the Greeks and Romans; but his powerful and sagacious intelligence, concentrated upon the problem during a period of enforced seclusion, guided him to principles practically identical with theirs. He wished to methodize and regulate colonization—to make it, as the ancients made it, an affair of administration; and for this purpose he devised the scheme of the sale of land at "a sufficient price," which detail of the plan, affecting pockets rather than principles, has been taken for the essence of it, instead of being regarded as a mere means to an end. The real object was to make the colonies miniature Englands, transplanting all classes of society in their due proportion by the exercise of systematic selection, instead of trusting to the operation of the natural causes which practically transplant only one. A colony founded on the Wakefield system would accordingly be aristocratic in its constitution in proportion as the governing principle of the system had been observed. Like all productions of the speculative intellect, the theory proved in many respects too refined for practical working. Australian gold discoveries and their consequences would have swept away the most ingenious restrictions on freedom of occupation. But if the Wakefield system has not moulded the conditions of colonial society, it has tempered and refined them in proportion as it has been applied. The closer approximation of South Australia and New Zealand to the English model can only be explained by the principle of selection which regulated the original immigration, and the more orderly political system which has been among its results.

The leading idea of the Canterbury Settlement, as it presented itself to Mr. Wakefield's mind, was no doubt the enlistment of the Church of England interest in the furtherance of his plans of colonization, as a counterpoise to the Exeter Hall influence by which they had been so pertinaciously opposed. His coadjutor, the late lamented John Robert Godley, probably approached the subject from a different side, and to the breadth of view arising from this harmonious contrast of character and aim the success of the undertaking is mainly to be ascribed. Mr. Wakefield, in a memoir setting forth the claims of his colleague, generously assigns to him the sole credit of the conception; it had in fact, however, been already put in operation at the founding of the Free Church colony of Otago, and the germ of it may probably be detected in a note to Wakefield's *England and America*, published in 1833 (vol. ii. p. 255). Whatever may be the abstract propriety of colonization on Denominational principles, the scheme fell in admirably with the Wakefield system, insuring the zealous support of influential persons, and a high standard of respectability in the majority of the colonists despatched under their auspices. The plan was elaborated between Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Godley in the autumn of 1847, at Malvern, where the former was recruiting his health after a severe illness. Upon his partial convalescence he had had the mortification of finding himself a cipher in the counsels of the New Zealand Company, founded and long controlled by him. To him colonization was an art, his system was dear to him as the child of his brain, and it may be surmised without much breach of charity that the pecuniary interests of the shareholders weighed little with him in comparison. The other directors, taking a more strictly commercial view of their obligations, were ready for any concession to a hostile Government that might afford a chance of rectifying their unequal balance-sheet. When, therefore, it became apparent that the Canterbury project, whose Church character rendered it generally unpalatable to the Whigs, stood no chance of being taken up by the Company, the centre of gravity was shifted from Mr. Wakefield's circle to Mr. Godley's, and an entirely new band of colonial reformers, for the most part actuated by strong ecclesiastical predilections, appeared upon the scene. Prominent among these were Lord Lyttelton and the late Sir John Simeon. Mr. Wakefield himself, resigning his directorship in the New Zealand Company on a transparent pretext,

became the principal organizer of the Canterbury Association in England, while Mr. Godley, going to New Zealand as superintendent of the new settlement, earned in that capacity such respect, gratitude, and affection as rarely falls to the lot of a leader of men. His friend, a man of great inequality of character, as Lord Lyttelton delicately expresses it, was not likely to conciliate an equal unanimity of suffrages, and in truth this correspondence is to a large extent the record of the writer's doubts, distrusts, dislikes, jealousies, and animosities. This it is that imparts to them their intensely human and vital character. We are conscious of listening to a man passionately concerned in the effect of what he is saying, and the energy of whose expression corresponds to the energy of his emotion. It is also mere justice to state that, to whatever extent prospects of advantage to himself or his relatives may have formed an element in Mr. Wakefield's support of the Canterbury colony, the primary motive is manifestly zeal for the interest of the colony itself. It is dear to him as the incarnation of his principle. The New Zealand directors are, in his eyes, apostates from the orthodox faith in colonial matters, and dire is his wrath, and relentless the holy war he wages against them. As, however, a man's worst foes are those of his own household, his sufferings on this head are light compared with those which he is called upon to undergo from what he deems the treachery or imbecility of his own associates. The Canterbury Settlement is in perpetual peril of an untimely end, and it is as much as Mr. Wakefield can do to save it by taking the fools and rascals into his most sacred confidence all round. These mysterious revelations of A.'s bungling to B., and of B.'s malpractices to A., are inexpressibly amusing to us, who find ourselves in the position of C., who was favoured with them both, minus C.'s own danger from D. in the background. But the writer's loyalty to Godley never falters; he speaks of him invariably with an affectionate chivalry of sentiment honourable to both. Of Lord Lyttelton, too, and Mr. Sewell, he always expresses the highest opinion. The most important letters are those addressed to Mr. Godley in New Zealand, both as being the longest and most unreserved, and as entering into details more fully than would have been needful in the case of a correspondent at home. Other letters, illustrative of the inner working of the Association, are most interesting, and afford valuable hints for all concerned in co-operation for public objects. Next to these we should place the letters addressed to Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Adderley, and other persons of Parliamentary influence, with the view of disposing them favourably towards the Association. These are in general distinguished by diplomatic tact, and are frequently models of the writer's great art of studied frankness. Casual remarks of the utmost sagacity are strewn up and down; in one place (p. 67) the history of English political party for the next four years is foreshadowed in half-a-dozen pregnant lines; one letter, addressed to an emigrant on the subject of marriage, is especially admirable. Lastly, there are frequent glimpses of genuine human feeling, cordial, tender, and profound. The style—impetuous, guarded, and playful by turns—has all the distinctive merits of that style whose main merit is manliness.

To constitute the founding of Canterbury a perfect epitome of human affairs an infusion of the comic element was essential, and it was abundantly supplied by the episcopal department of the business. A Church colony implies a bishop, and Mr. Wakefield soon found the necessity of directing his versatile intellect to the consideration of this novel subject. Indeed he would appear to have made a sort of experiment in episcopal functions himself on the *corpus vile* of "my nephew Torlesse, whom I have drilled at clerical work." It was easier to drill young Torlesse than to find a bishop acceptable to one half of the Church who should not be obnoxious to the other; and the great colony-maker, wise as a serpent in the affairs of this world, seems to have proved himself innocent as a dove in spiritual matters. He perceived, indeed, "the evil tendency of a decided party colour," but was colour-blind as regarded the perception of the colour itself. "Surely the Church comprises many earnest Churchmen who are not members of the Puseyite or Tractarian party. I would name, for example, Gladstone and the Bishop of Oxford." The idea of conciliating Evangelicals by putting Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Wilberforce on the Committee does not argue much nicety of discrimination in ecclesiastical concerns, and we are not surprised to find Mr. Wakefield soon afterwards acknowledging, with a diffidence very unusual with him, "I do not understand this part of the subject well myself." The truth of this confession is more than sufficiently illustrated by the amusing details of his successive experiments in bishop-making.

It will be seen that this volume abounds with piquant personal matter, and perhaps some persons will congratulate themselves upon its having hardly been as yet published in any proper sense of the term. Mr. E. J. Wakefield, the editor, is evidently superior to the weakness of consideration for other people's feelings. No book could stand more in need of editorial illustration, many of the allusions being unintelligible except to the persons immediately concerned. Under the circumstances, however, penury of comment may be excused, for Mr. E. J. Wakefield's *ex parte* annotations could have carried no authority. The work itself is, of course, entirely *ex parte*, and each letter must be perused with caution, as the exposition of a most skilful advocate with a strong personal interest in the effect of every sentence he writes, and unsurpassed in the art of representing things as he wishes them to appear. With all these allowances, it is a book such as Australasia has not hitherto given to the world.

The value of Mr. Wakefield's papers can hardly be over-estimated, whether they are regarded as contributions to history, to political economy, or to the science of practical administration, as galleries of vivid portraits, or as repertoires of terse and sagacious maxims. Deeper still is the autobiographical interest arising from their connexion with the extraordinary man from whom they proceed, the statesman who never held office, and whose career is a chapter of romance. We have referred sufficiently to the drawbacks to the public usefulness of Edward Gibbon Wakefield to make it plain that we are not unaware of them, and do not lightly esteem them. But the time has arrived when these things may well be forgotten in consideration of the splendid services of (we quote Lord Lyttelton) "the man beyond comparison of the greatest genius and widest influence whom we have had in the great science of colonization, whose name is like a spell to all interested in the subject."

DUNCAN'S HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.*

THIS book shows the mischievous influence of the taste for what is called fine writing. The author has exclusive possession of a vast store of interesting information, and yet he cannot be content to tell his story without trivial and futile attempts at literary embellishment. In the volume which he has yet to publish of this History he will do well to apply the old rule which teaches that, when you have written anything that you like particularly well, you should strike it out. We shall endeavour to profit by the facts contained in the first volume, while as far as possible disregarding its style.

Ordinary historians expend eloquence on the victories, and pass almost in silence over the defeats, of their countrymen, and whether they speak or hold their tongues they almost equally obscure the true character of military operations. The historian of the Royal Artillery is able to narrate with equal truth and satisfaction the services of his corps alike at Yorktown and Gibraltar, at Fontenoy and Minden; for, whatever the result, they did their duty well. We are now so easily frightened from our propriety that we hardly realize the dangers amid which our ancestors lived perhaps as happily as we live now. The year 1779 saw England engaged in war on both sides of the Atlantic. Her struggle with the revolted colonies offered a tempting opportunity to France to avenge her losses during the Seven Years' War, and to Spain to wipe out the disgrace which she felt in the possession of Gibraltar by the English. The Royal Artillery in this year consisted of thirty-two service companies, of which number sixteen were in America, five in Gibraltar, and seven at other stations abroad. Nor was this foreign service weary and uneventful as it sometimes is now. At that time England was fighting almost for existence, and every company had to share the danger. The garrison of Gibraltar consisted of six or seven thousand men, of whom nearly five hundred were artillery. The blockade commenced in July 1779, but it was April 1781 before the bombardment from the Spanish lines can be said to have regularly begun. It continued without twenty-four hours' intermission for thirteen months. The grand attack was made in September 1782, and the firing ceased altogether in February 1783. The blockade was varied by occasional reliefs, and thus two regiments of the line, which were not part of the original garrison, shared the honour of the defence. It is interesting to observe that, when the attack was made, the battering ships "with their supposed impregnable shields" were the mainstay of the enemy's hopes. But the use of red-hot shot by the garrison destroyed almost all their ships. When the grand attack did commence the artillery of the garrison had attained by length of practice admirable proficiency in resisting it. The privations of the siege were severe. At one time scurvy had so reduced the effective strength of the garrison that a shipload of lemons which had arrived was a more valuable contingent than several regiments would have been. A cow was purchased by a Jew for sixty guineas, but in so feeble a state that she dropped down dead before she had been removed many hundred yards. The haggard crowd which witnessed this occurrence had still vitality left in them to laugh at it. The usual stories are told of the discovery of provisions hoarded to await the highest possible price. The peace of 1783 was painful to England, both in a military and political point of view. The salvation of Gibraltar and the loss of our American colonies were celebrated at the same moment. A strong arm saved the one, a foolish statesmanship lost the other. "But," says the author, with more force than he usually shows in his original remarks, "be statesmen wise or foolish, armies have to march where they order, and the history of a foolish war has to be written as well as that of a wise one." It is not the least of the merits of the British soldier that he obeys—not without murmuring, for he always murmurs—but he obeys implicitly the orders even of the most incapable of War Ministers. The companies of Artillery which served at Gibraltar have a reputation to maintain which no altered nomenclature can justify them in allowing to become tarnished. "Their story should be handed down among the officers and men belonging to them." There is no fear of courage being wanting; but the standard from which

* *History of the Royal Regiment of Artillery*. Compiled from the Original Records, by Captain Francis Duncan, M.A., D.C.L., Royal Artillery, Superintendent of the Royal Artillery Regimental Records; Fellow of the Geological Society of London, and the Royal Geographical Society. Vol. 1. To the Peace of 1783. London: John Murray. 1872.

there should be no falling away is that of the old proficiency maintained under such adverse circumstances, and of the old conduct which displayed itself in cheerful submission to the greatest hardships.

Another equally gallant but unavailing service was rendered by the Artillery in the defence of St. Philip's Castle, in Minorca. Here, also, scurvy was the most formidable enemy of the garrison. An officer and six men daily were told off to gather potherbs on the glacis. The siege lasted from August 19, 1731, to February 5, 1732. When the capitulation was resolved upon there were only six hundred men able to carry arms, and they were entrenched in a mere heap of rubbish.

The American War was at once unpopular and unsuccessful. When it was over the nation seemed to be inspired by a longing to forget it. It was associated in their minds with everything that was unpleasant, and hence the many gallant services performed in it have hardly been appreciated as they deserved. Yet Washington urged his own artillery to emulate that of his enemy. The silence of historians on one side is not compensated by loquacity and grandiloquence on the other. The student is baffled by the one and bewildered by the other. The siege of Quebec by the Americans was unsuccessful, and little more was done by them in Canada. The loyalty of this country, says the author, is one of the marvels of English history. "It seems unalienable, as it certainly is unselfish." The American War began in 1775, and a little more energy in the British commanders might have finished it next year. Some of the New York militia refused to do duty. They were offered, they said, peace, liberty, and safety, and what more could they ask? "It is healthy reading," says our author, "in the midst of flabby orations as to the uprising of a united people, to examine passages like that just quoted." We begin to think that we have been unjust, and that this is not so bad a writer as we had supposed. But he really is very exasperating sometimes. In 1777 the expedition of Burgoyne from Canada, in which all the army and particularly the Artillery did their duty well, ended in surrender. This was the signal in Europe for action among England's enemies. In the previous winter the officer commanding the Artillery in New York demanded from the Home Government a supply of greatcoats. This appeal was made in 1777, and was granted in 1786. New York was occupied by the British army in 1776, and was held until the termination of the war. For many reasons it was more loyal than any other part of the revolted colonies. In 1777 General Pattison of the Artillery was appointed Governor of New York. The newspapers of the time, which have been consulted by the author, give a curious picture of the business, amusements, and daily routine of the city during the British occupation. The Garrison Dramatic Club, whose profits went to assist the soldiers' wives, was composed of officers of the garrison, assisted in their performance by young ladies, daughters of New York merchants, whose parts were played, according to the critics of the time, "with great propriety, spirit, and accuracy." One of the chief actors in the club was Major Williams of the Artillery, who was also Brigade-Major of the garrison. In the Library of the Historical Society in New York there is yet to be found frequent and favourable mention of this officer's rendering of Macbeth and Richard III. There was a newspaper in the city which uttered such loyal sentiments that the publisher, who was also a bookbinder, was permitted to send books to the Jerseys and elsewhere for sale. In the binding of the books were concealed despatches for Washington, who was thus supplied with the latest news from New York and England. The price of tea was 18s. per lb. The price of corn varied with the punctuality of convoys from Ireland. Claret was cheap and plentiful. General Pattison lived at No. 1 Broadway, on the Bowling Green. At his door stood a sentry in the uniform of the Artillery, with gold-laced, cocked-hat, and black feather, hair clubbed and powdered, white stock, white breeches, and white stockings, and armed with carbine and bayonet. General Pattison was very courteous in manners and correspondence, and particularly careful of the welfare of his subalterns. One of these young men, being detached in Florida, had got married, and, having nothing to keep a wife upon, wrote to the General to propose that he should be appointed quarter-master, in order to supply him with an income. The General, in answer, mildly explains that the good of the service does not appear to him to require that every detached company should have a staff annexed to it. In another letter of the same date he acknowledges the arrival of a draft of recruits at New York, four having deserted, and one died on the passage. "I should not," he says, "have been very much afflicted if many of those who landed here had saved me, either by death or desertion, the pain of looking at them." He conjectures that the reason why so few stands of arms accompanied the draft was that these "whippers-in and positions" were thought to be unable to bear them. He wishes his recruits were lost in the bogs from which they sprang. Another and less lively letter was addressed to the Board of Ordnance, who were very wooden-headed, obstinate, and addicted to circumlocution. Their officials delighted to snub and carp and disallow. The great lesson of patience under official arrogance cannot be better studied than in the letters of General Pattison to the Board of Ordnance.

The command of General Pattison over his own corps was co-extensive with the American continent; and he had a troublesome subordinate in Virginia who habitually demanded stores in the wildest manner. "The first thing he always did on

arriving at a new station was to send in requisitions as if he were going to fortify Gibraltar." The winter of 1779 was one of the hardest ever recorded in New York. The water was frozen between New York and Staten Island, and guns were carried over on sleighs. It was an anxious time. The insular advantages of New York disappeared on the formation of this unexpected high road of ice. The Jerseys were swarming with Washington's troops, and as nearly the whole of the regular force had gone from New York to Charleston on special service, the General dreaded an attack which he might be unable to resist. Notwithstanding the croaking of many advisers, he called out and resolved to arm the inhabitants to test the sincerity of their professions of loyalty, and to ascertain whether his rule in the city had been successful. To those who assured him that it was a rash measure, he answered that he felt confident that the number of doubtful characters was trifling, and as these few would be blended in the ranks with the many who could be relied on, they would be less capable of doing mischief under arms than if left to hide in their dwellings. The event proved that he was right, and it is an honour to the Artillery to count an officer of such sagacity among its members. While conscientiously and laboriously fulfilling his duties, he acutely observed the faults of the Government which he served, and the difficulties of the task in which he was engaged. It is a pity that our author should append to his interesting account of this able officer a page and half of description of his death in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, "on a wild March morning," which is a bad copy of that bad model, the Special Correspondent of a modern newspaper. We are reminded of a story of a Cambridge tutor who advised an aspirant to classical honours not to read the New Testament in the original, "as it might creep into his Greek prose." We can hardly advise this author not to read the public journals, although his second volume is almost certain to be vitiated by their style.

UNA.*

WE know that we are all full of faults; worms for the one part, and miserable sinners for the other. But some of us do contrive to keep a little intellect and common sense in the midst of our wrongdoings, and most of us endeavour to hold one chamber of our soul, if not more than one, swept and garnished, and untenanted by undesirable visitors. Also some of us have the capacity to learn. We may be slow to receive benefit from our stripes, and experience may find us but dull scholars; still we generally manage to get a few lessons by heart, and to avoid this time the patent mistakes we had made and suffered for last year. The authoress of *Una*, however, thinks differently of the world. In her gallery of illustration men and women are but a shade removed from moral idiocy, and prove themselves incapable of learning, however strenuously they may be taught, and however bitterly they may suffer for previous failures. They all pursue for a second, third, and fourth time exactly the same path as that by which they had come to grief before; and none of them can be taught the difference between feeling and seeming. So long as they honestly feel rage, jealousy, revenge, whatever the dominant passion of the moment may be, they neither ask themselves if they have cause nor reflect on the effect which their show of temper will produce. Though they find that their displeasure is met by surprise and ignorance of the cause, they do not doubt their justification or question their own wisdom. All they think of is the reality of their feelings, not the reality of the grounds thereof. "I felt, therefore I showed; I was angry, therefore I wept or I stormed." It is easy to see that life conducted on such a plan as this means a life of turmoil and dissatisfaction to all concerned; and that what folly sows sorrow will reap, and garner a pretty large harvest into the bargain.

Una is one of these absurd people, who feel without justification, and express what they feel without foreseeing the results. If she takes an unreasonable fit of jealousy into her foolish head, if she allows herself to be hurt and huffed without cause, if she chooses to resent as insolent interference every well-meant word of advice she receives from her elders, she shows her temper without restraint; and then pities herself passionately as a martyr when the inevitable consequences ensue. We have rarely met with a less interesting character than hers; and we scarcely know whether Miss Bowra meant her to be interesting or not. She seems to lay claim to something that might pass for a heart, but that may also be a mere mixture of physical sensitiveness and intense self-consciousness; much that passes by the name of fine feelings, and keen affections easily wounded, being literally nothing more than an uneasy temper combined with egotism. All throughout her history she is shallow and selfish. She loves the Honourable Herbert Elmore because he is tall, has blue eyes, "intermediate-coloured hair"—whatever that may mean—a soft voice, and variable behaviour, by which he has first piqued, then won her; and she marries him for no better reasons. He, on his side, loving another, marries her for her money; for she is "the rich Miss Randolph," and inherits twelve thousand a-year, with other contingencies. Being a gentleman, however, in breeding, if as selfish in his own way as she is in hers, he means to make her a tolerably good, if not very demonstrative, husband. He dislikes scenes, and despises jealousy; also

* *Una; or, the Early Marriage. A Domestic Tale. By Harriette Bowra, Authoress of "Rollands."* London: Hodder & Stoughton.

he has the man's not very unusual abhorrence of public love-making, and he is sensitive on the score of manners. A more reasonable woman than Una, seeing where her own mistake had led her, might have set herself to win the deeper affection of her husband by attention to his not unreasonable requirements; and she would have succeeded in time. But our heroine, all the while protesting her passionate love for Herbert, cannot control her temper on any occasion to do him pleasure; and finally alienates him to the last degree by an action so outrageous as to excuse the harsh measures with which he meets it. No one can have any sympathy for a woman who leaves her child and her home because her husband has invited his cousin to stay a day or so with them; this same cousin being a sweet and lovely character, of whom the wife has allowed herself to become madly jealous without a shadow of reason or excuse. If we could read Miss Bowra's intention more clearly, we should know better what to say. If she means to show the wrongfulness and folly of giving way to temper in the present novel as she did in her former, *Redlands*, she certainly has, in a sense, proved her point; if not the artistic sense; but if she means to claim our sympathy for a warm heart and a good nature unfavourably dealt with by circumstances, she has utterly failed. A wife whose sole idea of conjugal happiness is centred in caresses, and deep looks of love, and moonlight rambles on the terrace, and the tightest possible strain of the apron-strings, and who, failing these manifestations, gives way to tears, to rebukes, to pettish sarcasms, to outrageous retaliation, is of all women the one most likely to make an unhappy home, and to create the estrangement which she begins by deploring. It is a character with which few men have patience, and such a man as Herbert Elmore would naturally have less than many others. The consequence of all which is, that the reader has no sympathy with either wife or husband, and that, while he condemns the mercenary motives of the one, he cannot sympathize with the betrayed affections of the other.

Una mars her life by her unappeasable jealousy of everything in which her husband takes an interest—his mother, his friends, his yacht, his cousin, and, finally, their own child; and as her jealousy is always mean in object and silly in expression, it awakes neither sympathy nor respect. On the other hand, Herbert mars his life by his hardness and want of heart—save when he is dying—and his extravagance. That extravagance, however, is one of the odd things of the story. It is of the underground kind which has nothing to show. He keeps a yacht, and it costs him five hundred a year; but his wife has an income of twelve thousand pounds of her own; and five hundred for a yacht seems scarcely a criminal proportion of expenditure. Una and Una's biographer evidently think it is; and look with horror on an item so excessive for a mere matter of pleasure. We hear of nothing else; though we are told that he is always crippled with debt, both before and after his marriage; and, finally, as the Earl of Granchester, he contrives to become bankrupt in a manner as mysterious as the rest. Yet whether he had lost money on the Turf, through subsidizing an embassy, starting a newspaper, or leasing a theatre, we are not told. Perhaps guinea points at whist with five pounds on the rubber had something to do with his embarrassments. This is quite as likely as that his yacht at five hundred a year should have made so much havoc in his income as to have reduced him, first to debt and then to bankruptcy. To be sure there was the house in Upper Grosvenor Place, and the servants' food and wages. These outlets, however, are stopped when Una runs away; and, as after that Una lives at her sister's, and Herbert passes most of his time on his yacht, we should have imagined he might have saved money rapidly. He was spared the expense of button-hole bouquets and white gloves; also of cabs and club dinners; did not these count for something in the Earl of Granchester's bankruptcy? We fear that Miss Bowra gets a few inches out of her depth when dealing with the aristocracy. It is not given to every one to be able to map out the righteous outgoings from an earl's estate, and a wife's dower of twelve thousand a year; and to set down how much might go in housekeeping and *les menus plaisirs* before touching that fatal door in Basinghall Street; and we are compelled to believe that the authoress of *Una* is not one of those gifted. If she is, she ought, in justice to her hero, to have told us how he ran through his money with such fatal rapidity; and why his lawyers could not get better terms for him than bankruptcy because a storm had unroofed a few cottages and blown down a lot of trees in the park. Could not the fallen timber have been sold at so much per foot to have met those heavy "unlooked-for expenses" of re-roofing the cottages, and to have backed up the "rigid economy" which is to be the order of the day at Granchester, the first item of which is "no longer lavender kid gloves *ad libitum* for careless people to sow by the wayside"? If Miss Bowra will allow us, we will give her a word of counsel to leave the nobility and the plutocracy alone in her next book, and to write of social circumstances only as she understands them.

There are certain things in *Una* which are not so much mysterious as truncated—things which are not even faintly shadowed, but are left wholly unfinished. What, for instance, is the secret sorrow that makes Julie Kenyon's life a burden to herself, and we should imagine, a nuisance to her friends? What had she done to Mr. Randolph or to Mrs. Randolph in the past? Had she been in love with him, and for love of him had she poisoned his wife? Nothing less serious can explain away the very madness of remorse that oppresses her. She is certainly what our friends in the North would call a gruesome woman, with her dark eye that

never flashed, her mouth that rarely smiled, and, when it did, that had "no hilarity in the smile," with her silver white hair and marble stillness of demeanour, coupled with her fierce pietism. Devoured by something, we can give no better guess at what that something is than the secret poisoning of Una's mother for love of Una's father; and her conduct about the legacy seems to bear out our explanation. When Una goes to see her, to tell her that she is engaged to Herbert and ask her congratulations, she finds her in a terrible state, following on an interview with Mr. Randolph. Her head is "buried in the cushions of the sofa on which she sat, and sobs, loud and deep, shook her frame." After she has flown out at the girl for being "a spy on her privacy," and candidly exclaimed, "Henceforth I shall hate you!" she gives as her fierce commentary on the engagement this remarkable outburst:—

"Una, Una," she said, laying a heavy hand upon my wrist, and tightening her clasp as sentence succeeded sentence; "beware of the beginning of evil—beware how you admit the first thought of anger, passion, pride, or jealousy to your bosom. If you suspect its existence, search for it—pluck it out, cast it down, tread upon it; were it small as the mote that dances in the sunbeam, insignificant as the tiniest grain of sand—crush it at once and for ever, lest it grow beyond your control. If voluntarily indulged, you will be left to yourself, and the fatal evil will wither your life with its deadly upon blast!"

It is cruel of Miss Bowra thus to play the Sphinx and to provide no Oedipus.

The book is dull, the plot drags, and the method of narration is forced and heavy. Miss Bowra does not carry her reader along with her, and her heroine does not interest. The autobiographical form, so easy for short sketches, is the most difficult kind of writing for a larger work. It requires the power of distinct impersonation with careful analysis; but the one must be delicate and suggestive, the other tender and not self-conscious. In any case *Una* has not hit the mark; and, whether as a work of art or as a story with a purpose, it is weary reading and hazy painting.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

READERS who like accuracy and painstaking ought to enjoy M. Jal's works. They are of a special character no doubt, and nautical matters address themselves to a comparatively small class of students; but it is seldom that we find books prepared with more thoroughness, and we may be sure that any subject on which M. Jal undertakes to concentrate his attention will be examined by him from every point of view. It is more than forty years ago since the author of the volumes before us* was appointed by Admiral de Rigny, then Minister of Marine, to form part of the Royal Commission organized for the publication of documents relating to the history of France. He then drew out for himself a plan of work which included—1. A history of naval architecture from the earliest time to our own day; 2. a nautical glossary; and, 3. a biography of the principal French sailors. In course of time the first two instalments of the scheme were satisfactorily disposed of, and the life of Abraham du Quesne is a contribution to the third. M. Jal soon found that a complete gallery of the notabilities of the French navy would be beyond his strength, if the work was to be treated with anything like detail; he therefore limited his researches to the reign of Louis XIV., and now gives us the earliest result of his investigations in that quarter. The two volumes before us must not be considered exactly as a literary production, although they are far from being ill written; they are a simple statement of facts supported by an immense number of *pièces justificatives*, and illustrated with portraits and facsimiles. The life of Du Quesne must necessarily be a history of the French navy, for the growth of that branch of the service corresponded to his own physical and intellectual progress. M. Jal's work accordingly is more important than a simple biography; it places before us a complete description of Colbert's political management so far as the navy was concerned, and it introduces us to some of the most distinguished characters of the seventeenth century.

M. Glais-Bizoin† comes rather late to give his view of the revolution which for the space of five months placed him and his friends at the head of affairs in France. He wished first of all to read the various works published on all sides with reference to that event, and he saw, as he tells us, that both Republicans and Royalists were equally determined to misstate facts, and to find fault with the little band of patriots who had risen to political influence by the force of circumstances. The ultra-Republicans, anxious to continue the traditions of 1793, wanted to terrorize the country, and called for a Danton; the Royalists, on the other hand, accused M. Glais-Bizoin and his colleagues of having obeyed the dictates of a vulgar ambition, and of assuming an authority which they had neither the ability nor the right to wield. Thoroughly persuaded that the Republic is now the only possible form of government in France, but that even in a democracy there ought to be no room allowed for rogues and fools, M. Glais-Bizoin estimates with much impartiality the various personages whom he had occasion to meet during his tenure of office, and he tells some amusing anecdotes about certain great men belonging to the Commune.

The suppression of the monopoly which the University of

* *Abraham du Quesne et la marine de son temps.* Par A. Jal. Paris: Plon.

† *Dictature de cinq mois.* Par A. Glais-Bizoin. Paris: Dentu.

France enjoyed until lately, and by virtue of which no independent teaching of any kind was allowed, has proved in the highest degree beneficial to the cause of education. Schools, colleges, and associations for the delivery of lectures on various subjects of literature and science, have been everywhere opened, and the University, now obliged to compete with men of untiring energy and great ability, is already feeling the beneficial effects of this rivalry. The foundation of the *Écoles libres des sciences politiques* is amongst the latest results of this movement, and the pamphlet which we have now to notice may be considered as an excellent specimen of the kind of teaching given by the members of that association. M. Albert Sorel takes for the subject of his addresses* the treaties of 1815, and his three lectures on that important epoch in modern history are very interesting. The events of the Hundred Days, the plans for the dismemberment of France, and the formation of the Holy Alliance, are treated successively, forming, so to say, three monographs in which the facts are briefly stated and their consequences explained. M. Sorel has made ample use of the many works written on the last campaigns of Napoleon, and on the revival of constitutional government in France; he quotes repeatedly from them, and thus corroborates his narrative by the authority of such men as M. Duvergier de Hauranne, M. de Vielcastel, &c.

The second volume of M. Guizot's new History of France† has just been published; it takes the reader down to the end of the reign of Louis XII., and is certainly one of the most valuable books of the present season. The author's merits as an historian have hitherto been considered to lie chiefly, if not exclusively, in his talent for generalization, in his philosophical views, and in his masterly exposition of abstract principles. The *Histoire de la civilisation en France* did not show that descriptive power which must ever be the secret of M. Augustin Thierry's fame, and even the *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de mon temps* seemed to many readers somewhat heavy, too little room having been allowed for the picturesque element. The work now before us, however, places M. Guizot in an entirely new light; whilst he still shows those powers of reasoning and generalization which made his early reputation, he has superadded a graphic vigour of which few thought him capable; he remembers that he writes for the young, and in this second volume especially he has managed to throw great dramatic vigour into his narrative. It is true that the events he had to relate are of a sufficiently exciting character almost to compel the historian to be interesting; the reigns of Charles V. and Charles VI., the Hundred Years' War between the English and the French, Charles VII. and *La Pucelle*, Louis XI. and Charles the Bold—such are the leading actors in the book. M. de Neuville's woodcuts are very good, and in the case of portraits they have been copied from authentic originals.

During the last twenty or thirty years pictorial embellishment has played a considerable part in scientific works. It is impossible to popularize science without the help of engravings, and therefore astronomy, natural history, and chemistry court the aid of artistic talent. One of the most successful attempts we have lately seen in this direction is M. Poiré's work, *La France industrielle*.‡ Composed with much care, being neither overburdened with technical details, nor, on the other hand, too discursive and elementary, this volume supplies a long existing desideratum. It is certain that, even on this side of the Channel, many people who are generally considered well informed know very little about manufactures and industrial products; they would be rather puzzled if they were asked how needles are made, or by what process the glass out of which they drink is coloured and adorned with elegant patterns. M. Paul Poiré has endeavoured to clear away this ignorance by giving details as to the various branches of industry which can be understood easily without the necessity of special training. In order to do this profitably, great lucidity of exposition was required, together with the assistance of numerous woodcuts; the former our author possesses in a remarkable degree, and the latter has not been grudged by the publishers.

Dr. F. Höfer has enriched Messrs. Hachette's collection of works on universal history with an interesting summary of the progress made by botany, mineralogy, and geology from the earliest time to our own day.§ Not only does he give biographical details respecting the chief scientific observers, but he explains their systems, and shows how far these systems are borne out or contradicted by the results of later investigations.

Microscopic observation is indispensable for botanists; some of the organs of plants cannot indeed be studied otherwise, and in all cases the facts revealed by that delicate instrument are worth attentive consideration. M. Girard has therefore done good service in devoting a separate volume of Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque des merveilles*|| to this subject. After a few preliminary remarks, he describes in the first part of his work the different organs of

plants, their structure and their use. He then takes up separately those forms of vegetable life which absolutely require the use of the microscope if they are to be examined accurately, such as the fungi, yeast, oidium, lichens, mosses, &c.; and he ends by an interesting chapter on the microphytes and the microzoa which constitute so large an element in what we call dust. Upwards of two hundred woodcuts taken from photographs illustrate the volume.

If Jean-Jacques Rousseau were still alive, and still an enthusiastic admirer of the virtues of uncivilized man, we would ask him to glance for a moment at M. de Lanoye's *L'homme sauvage*.* What a commentary on the Golden Age and on primitive innocence! We must acknowledge, however, that in describing the condition of man, first as a hunter and then as a tiller of the ground, the learned historian has drawn a very interesting picture, and his account of the migrations of the Semitic races, the Celts, the Scythians, and the Chinese deserves to be attentively studied. It is a subject for regret that *L'homme sauvage* should be a posthumous work; M. de Lanoye had purposed to write a history of civilization, grouping his description of each form of progress around some distinct personage intended to embody it. Thus his book entitled *Rhamsis le grand* was devoted to Egyptian culture, and the whole work, when completed, would have formed a series of monographs. The present volume, published by the writer's son, and illustrated with numerous engravings, is a fragment originally intended to appear in M. de Lanoye's *Opus Magnum*.

The architectural revolution introduced by Napoleon III. in Paris caused the disappearance of many public and private buildings which were historically, if not artistically, curious; the vandalism of the Commune carried the work of destruction still further, and it is not the fault of Messrs. Vermerch and Grousset if the Sainte Chapelle is still in existence. By way of preserving at least a record of what Paris was, the Imperial Government had begun the publication of a sumptuous work, several volumes of which have been issued. M. Charles Demaze now wishes to add his share to the undertaking†, and he gives us a concise account of the Sainte Chapelle. The building certainly deserved a careful record, for its architectural importance has often been acknowledged by competent judges, and its history is closely connected with that of the Paris magistracy. M. Demaze not only describes the foundation of the church and its various vicissitudes, but he gives us lists of the dignitaries belonging to its clergy, transcripts of charters, catalogues of documents, &c. &c.

M. Lemerre's elegant series of French classics now contains the second volume of Molière's plays‡ and the first of Montaigne's works.§ If a new edition of the great comic dramatist was necessary, certainly the same may be said of the Gascon *gentilhomme*'s Essays. M. Burgaud des Mares informs us that he has corrected more than thirty thousand errors in the best of former reprints; let us hope that M. Courbet and M. Ch. Royer, who are responsible for the present beautifully got-up octavo, have been more careful than their predecessors. There are three sets of various readings an acquaintance with which is required towards determining the text of Montaigne's works; the first is contained in the edition of 1588, published by the author himself four years before his death; the second is furnished by the edition of 1595, which Madlle. de Gournay undertook; the third may be found in a copy of the 1588 text, preserved at Bordeaux, and the margins of which are covered with notes in Montaigne's own handwriting. The recent editors have preferred the second on account of the difficulties which the deciphering of the marginal annotations present in the copy belonging to the Bordeaux Library. They announce in their preface a life of Montaigne, a glossary, and other appendices, which will no doubt form part of the second volume.

M. Victor Cherbuliez reprints together two series of essays|| which have nothing in common; the former includes biographical sketches of Lessing and of Dr. Strauss; in the latter we find critiques on the *Paris salon*. Many readers will be of opinion that M. Cherbuliez is very one-sided in his endeavours to estimate the German writers we have just named. At any rate it seems to us that the analytical tendency which aims at reducing everything to a kind of intellectual dust so minute that it cannot be weighed scarcely deserves unqualified eulogy.

No French writer has lived more intimately in the company of Goethe than M. Henri Blaze; he knows German literature thoroughly, and more especially the history of the author of *Faust* has no secrets for him. Nearly forty years ago a translation of that wonderful poem, accompanied by a kind of philosophical (and somewhat obscure) preface, introduced the name of M. Blaze to the reading public; then came a gallery of modern German writers, and a volume of poems composed under the inspiration of the German muse. The group of sketches which he now gives us under the heading *Les maîtresses de Goethe*¶

* *Le traité de Paris du 20 novembre 1815*. Par A. Sorel. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Histoire de France racontée à mes petits-enfants*. Par M. Guizot. Vol. 2. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *La France industrielle: description des industries françaises*. Par M. Paul Poiré. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Histoire de la botanique, de la minéralogie et de la géologie*. Par F. Höfer. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

|| *Les plantes étudiées au microscope*. Par Jules Girard. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

* *L'homme sauvage*. Par M. de Lanoye. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *La Sainte Chapelle du Palais de Justice de Paris*. Par Ch. Demaze. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Œuvres de Molière, avec notes et variantes*. Par A. Pauley. Vol. 2. Paris: Lemerre.

§ *Les essais de Montaigne, avec variantes, glossaire, etc.* Par E. Courbet et Ch. Royer. Vol. 1. Paris: Lemerre.

|| *Études de littérature et d'art*. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

¶ *Les maîtresses de Goethe*. Par Henri Blaze. Paris: Lévy.

is both a contribution to the biography of the Weimar Jupiter and a commentary on his works; for every one knows what a share the petticoat element had in Goethe's life, and no account of Werther, for instance, would be satisfactory which left unnoticed the character of Charlotte Kestner.

If M. Blaze may be accused of Teutonic sympathies, the same complaint certainly cannot be uttered with reference to M. About. The *impressions de voyage* which he has recently published under the title *Alsace**, after having issued them day by day in a Paris newspaper, are all dictated by a spirit of intense hatred which too often warps the author's judgment. The *avant-propos*, however, is remarkable from the soundness of M. About's views on the causes of the catastrophe which ended in the siege of Paris. He justly observes that universal suffrage can only lead to despotism when the nation to which it is applied has essentially monarchical tendencies and is profoundly ignorant. His reflections on the folly with which the war was first declared, and the shameful incapacity with which it was prosecuted, are unanswerable, nor is he less admirable when he talks of the madness of those who believed that they could either found an Empire by caricaturing 1806 in 1852, or create a Republic by giving in 1871 a parody of 1793.

It is not generally as a scientific writer that Voltaire is known†; he studied astronomy indeed, and carried on a somewhat acrimonious discussion with Buffon about geological problems; but his mind was far too superficial and too prejudiced for the prosecution of researches which require an unbounded love of truth; and it is absurd to attempt, as Voltaire did, to get rid of difficulties by the help of a few jokes. Still there is no doubt that science held a place in Voltaire's studies, especially during his residence in London, and throughout the period of his acquaintance with Madame du Châtelet; it is repeatedly the subject of his correspondence, and forms by no means an inconsiderable portion of his works. We feel indebted, therefore, to M. Saigny for the monograph he has devoted to this side of Voltaire's character. His volume is an excellent contribution to the history of scientific culture in France during the last century, and he has made it still more complete and more interesting by detailing in a second part of his work the labours of the Académie des Sciences at the same epoch.

M. Charles Lévêque has developed, in a new instalment of the *Bibliothèque des merveilles*‡, an idea so often explained and illustrated that it would seem almost hackneyed if truths could lose their force by constant repetition. It is always interesting to trace the real harmony which underlies the apparent disorder we see around us, and to show how order springs from confusion and good from evil. Harmonies in astronomy, chemistry, and natural history; harmonies in the moral as well as the physical world—such is the theme chosen by M. Lévêque for his consideration.

Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque rose illustrée*, compiled for the use principally of children, has been made to include not only tales and poetry, but works on history, travels, memoirs, abridged translations of the Latin classics, &c. Narratives of travel published first in the *Tour du monde*, or in separate volumes, very often find their way after a while, condensed, popularized, and shorn of scientific terms, into the collection of neat little duodecimos reserved for juvenile libraries. We have now to notice M. Belin de Launay's abridgment of Lieutenant Mage's most valuable travels to Western Africa§. We reviewed the original work some time ago, and all the praise which we felt bound to give it is applicable to M. de Launay's abstract. The volume is preceded by a biographical sketch of Lieutenant Mage, who perished with all the crew of his frigate, the *Gorgona*, shipwrecked on the 19th of December, 1869, in sight of the harbour of Brest.

The works of fiction which we have to announce are, we are glad to say, less open to objection than is too often the case. M. Auguste de Barthélemy describes in his *Pierre le Peillart*|| the adventures of a pedlar who, whilst hawking his wares throughout the south and west of France, finds himself mixed up with some of the episodes of the first French Revolution, and upholds the principles of order, religion, and true liberty against the *sans-culotte* friends of Marat and Robespierre. M. de Barthélemy's novel is a work of the same class as M. d'Héricault's *Thermidor*, which we noticed some months ago.

Under the title *L'Augusta*¶ M. Maurice Sand has published a kind of historical novel which takes us back to ancient times. We must fancy ourselves living in the fifth century, when the Roman world was sinking under a mass of corruption too loathsome to be described, and when the barbarian hordes of Attila were driving the Imperial eagles before them on all sides. Valentinian, Honorius, Aetius, Theodoric, and many other personages with whom M. Amédée Thierry has made us familiar fill the stage, and the incidents are crowded together in great variety. M. Sand selects the epistolary form in the composition of his novel; he distorts history a little in representing the Bagaude as philosophical rebels, and he makes the character of Honorius a pretext

for introducing love scenes which might well be spared; but, notwithstanding these reservations, *L'Augusta* is an interesting book.

Before concluding, we must take a hasty glance at one or two serials. The last *livraison* of M. Littré's great Dictionary has just appeared, and the illustrious "Forty" must now blush at seeing that one man has been able to accomplish what the whole Académie Française thought impossible. It is quite a case of "Pends-toi, brave Crillon; on a vaincu sans toi!" The *Journal des demoiselles*, with its attractive series of patterns, engravings, and fashions, the *Tour du monde*, with its sketches of scenery and of adventures in foreign climes, are still fulfilling their prosperous destinies; and now another journal specially intended for the young, *Le journal de la jeunesse*, stands forth as a new competitor for popularity. All these publications are issued by Messrs. Hachette and Co., who have also deserved the warmest thanks of enlightened *gourmets* by bringing out the *Livre de la pâtisserie**, that succulent treatise on cakes, tarts, and puddings which would suffice to immortalize M. Gouffé.

* *Le livre de la pâtisserie*. Par M. Jules Gouffé. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—The Second MORNING CONCERT on Saturday next (January 11), at 3 o'clock. Artists: Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Banks, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Nordblom, and Mr. Santley; the London Orpheus Quartet, Pianoforte, Madlle. Elvira del Bianco. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hutton. Tickets, 1s. to 6s., to be had of Austin, St. James's Hall; Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and the principal Musicellers.

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SIMS REEVES and SANTLEY at the BALLAD CONCERT, Saturday Morning and Wednesday Evening.

THIRD BRITISH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, St. James's Hall.—Conductor, Mr. Geo. Mount.—Thursday, January 9. Military Symphony, Haydn; Overture, "Paradise and Peri," Bennett; Concerto in A minor, Cusins. Pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Gains; Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber. Vocalists, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, and Mr. E. Lloyd.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, unreserved, 4s.; Area, reserved, 5s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s.—Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84 New Bond Street; Cramer, 201 Regent Street; L. Cook, 63; Chappell, 50 New Bond Street; Ollivier, 38; Mitchell, 33 Old Bond Street; Keith, Frowe, Chesapeake.

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The WINTER TERM commences January 21. Applications for the Prospectus and for Entries may be addressed to the HONORARY SECRETARY, or to the Lady Principal, Miss DANIELS.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park. The JUNIOR TERM begins January 8. The SENIOR TERM January 25. Prospectuses, containing Terms and Names of Professors, may be had on application to the LADY RESIDENT.

* *Alsace*. Par Edmond About. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Les sciences au 18. siècle. La physique de Voltaire*. Par Émile Saigny. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Les harmonies providentielles*. Par Ch. Lévêque. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *E. Mage; voyage dans le Soudan occidental*. Abrégé par T. Belin de Launay. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

|| *Pierre le Peillart*. Par Aug. de Barthélemy. Paris: Didier.

¶ *L'Augusta*. Par Maurice Sand. Paris: Lévy.

QUEENWOOD COLLEGE, near Stockbridge, Hants.—The FIRST TERM of 1873 commences January 15 and ends April 9. Preparation for the London Matriculation, and for the Royal College of Surgeons.—For Particulars, apply to C. WILLMORE, Principal.

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When Three or more Sisters attend at the same time, all after the second are received at Half-Fee. E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

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Exhibitions of £50 each, tenable for three years, are awarded every year to pupils proceeding to the Universities. Classical and Mathematical Scholarships of £10 are also awarded every year. The next Term commences Tuesday, January 31. Particulars as to the mode of admission, terms, boarding-houses, &c., may be obtained on application to the PAULING OFFICE, or by letter to the Secretary, J. E. PASTER, Esq., Proprietary School, Blackheath, London, S.E. N.B. Parties desiring the admission of Pupils are requested (if possible) to send in their application to the SECRETARY on or previous to Thursday, January 16.

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